HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XII.—No. 607.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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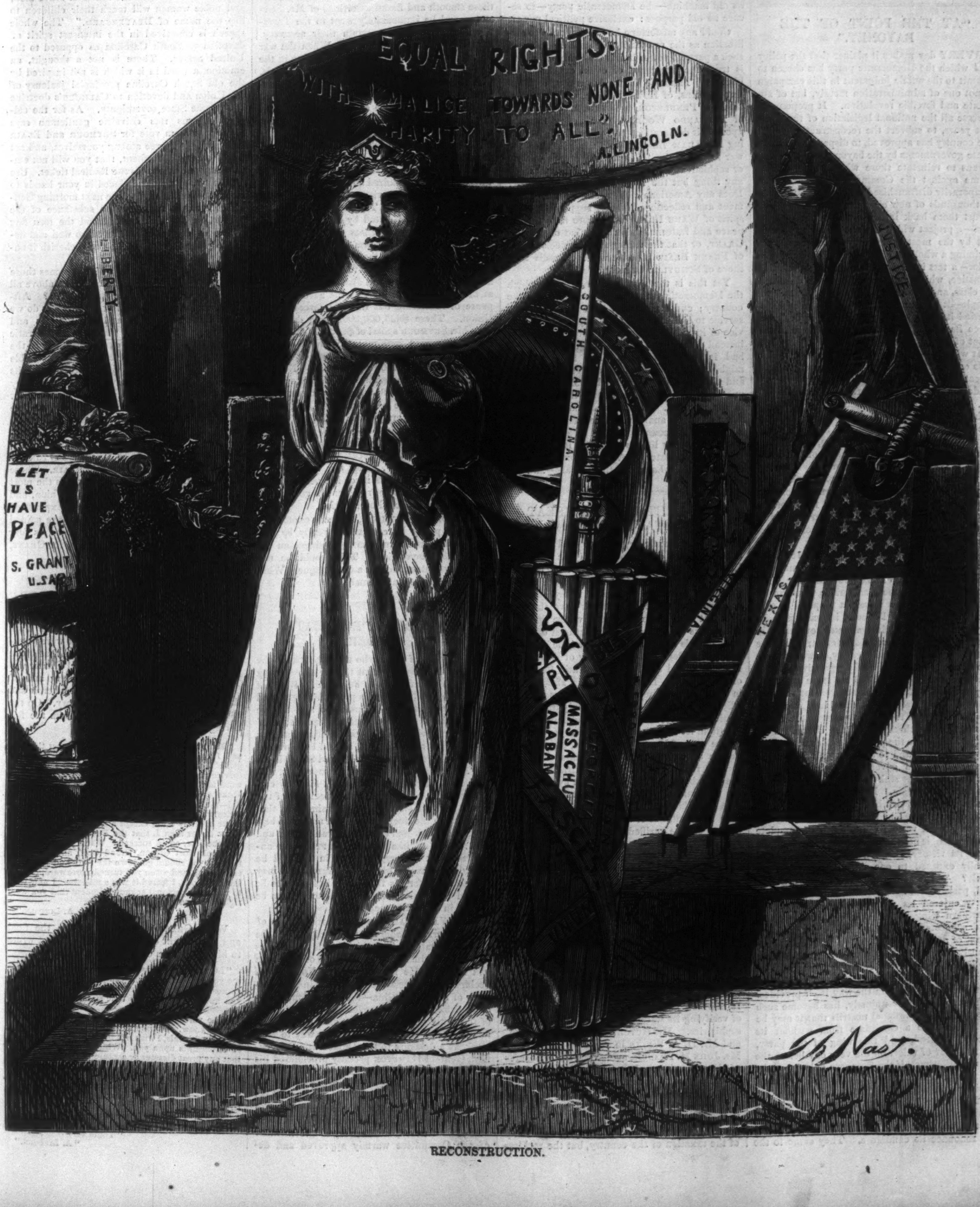


RECONSTRUCTION.

SAMUEL LOVER.

Died July 15, 1868.

So pass they from us, each his silent way,
The cherish'd ones whose names our memories store,
Death turns upon them his cold gaze, and straight
They are no more!

One brave, true soul! One tried and loving heart!
For him the threefold nation long shall mourn:
The stranger sadly breathe his name: the friend
Lament forlorn.

His was the witching voice, that, we believed,
Well might the ear of Death itself arrest;
And his the wit that might the phantom's hand
Stay with a jest.

But he is gone! He will not charm us more;
The ripple of the pleasant song is still;
To younger hands he yields the lyre—but who
Has caught his skill?

Ill can we spare him from the little band
Of bright, fresh, healthy singers left us now;
Our solace is—the wreath of a life's fame
Glows on his brow!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 15, 1868.

"AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET."

EVERY day makes it plainer that the policy which the Democratic party has chosen to submit to the public judgment in this campaign is not one of administration merely, but of absolute and forcible revolution. It proposes to reverse all the national legislation of the three last years, to subvert the reconstruction which the country has approved, to disperse organized State governments by the bayonet; by the same means to reinstate those who for the highest crime against the Commonwealth have been temporarily disfranchised; to deprive hundreds of thousands of new citizens of the ballot, and thrust them back into a semi-enslaved condition—a project which can not be accomplished but by the most sanguinary measures. Proclaiming a wholly arbitrary test of citizenship in color—a test involving caste and inconceivable injustice, which embraces the entire disaffected class, and excludes a large body of the loyal people—it announces that if its claim is disregarded it will appeal to "physical force," and place its candidate in the White House at the point of the bayonet.

It will not be forgotten that the party which thus enters into a political campaign with a loud threat of civil war is the one that has previously made the same threat and fulfilled it to the letter. In 1860 the Democratic orators said that "the Sonth" could not be expected to submit to the election of Mr. Lincoln. In 1856 Mr. Fillmore, absurdly called Conservative, had said the same thing in view of the election of Mr. Fremont. It was not bravado merely. Whatever the Northern portion of the party may have thought or intended, the Southern portion was sincere and resolved; and it was that portion which had entirely controlled the party and dictated its policy, because it was the positive element.

This history repeats itself. In 1864 the positive element was the Copperhead majority represented by Mr. Vallandigham. Mr. Vallandigham made the Democratic platform of that year, which was merely a proposal to succor the rebellion and secure its success. In any event it was revolution: and revolution in the interest of the Slaveholding oligarchy. The national conscience and sagacity, however, were too strong: the Union and progressive free society were saved. In 1868 the same spectacle is presented. The war is over. But the passion and purposes of its chief instigators remain. Defeat in the effort to destroy the Union has not taught them love of the Union. Profound hostility to the principles of society which have prevailed, and to an interpretation of the character of the government which has triumphed, does not sink into acquiescence without further struggle. Foiled in the field, what chance is there in political intrigue? Oppressed with debt, strained by long and severe exertion of every kind, vexed by the delay of complete pacification, is not the country an army fatigued after its victory, sleeping upon the field, and fatally exposed to one daring, desperate assault? This was the question with which the old, positive, ruling element of the Democratic party entered its Convention. Part of the Northern wing, which that element despises, had suggested in advance some acknowledgment of actual events. The war, it said, cautiously, may have been a mistake, but it must be honestly paid for. Reconstruction may be unconstitutional, but it is accomplished, and can be reversed only in the way itself provides. The party, justly or unjustly, has become such a stench in the national nostrils that it may be better to take a candidate from without its lines. Indeed, said this wing of the party, with an air of valor, on the very day before the Convention met, if the Southern delegates take part in the action of the Convention, they must abide by it.

It may be imagined with what disdain the Southern delegations read these words in a paper which their mere distant frown had forced to renounce its candidate. They came to the Convention led by Wade Hampton, a relentless South Carolina rebel, who declared upon his way to take his seat that the cause of the rebellion was not yet lost. Wade Hampton the rebel, and Vallandigham the Copperhead, combined, and ruled the Convention. Instead of recognizing actual events, their effort was to undo the result of seven years. The spirit of the two men made the platform. Vallandigham put into it repudiation, which is national disgrace; and Wade Hampton the reversal of reconstruction, which is rebel revenge. Then Horatio Seymour was made candidate for President, who had declared that the success of the war would be the ruin of the Union; and Frank Blair for Vice-President, who had insisted that reconstruction should be subverted by force, and who said that he wished to be nominated upon that declaration only. After eight years the spirit of the old slaveholders—arrogant, inhuman, un-American, barbarous—which had been laboring to destroy the Government by force, and only because it promised peacefully progressive liberty, returned to its familiar arena, a Democratic National Convention, and immediately resumed control of its old machine—the Democratic party—to secure its old purpose: exclusive political power.

Could any misfortune be so disastrous to civilization as the restoration of such a spirit and such a party to power in this Government, which is truly the van-guard of equal constitutional liberty? Think of Wade Hampton, of Robert Toombs, of Howell Cobb, of Vallandigham, of Pendleton, of Seymour, of Forrest, of Fernando Wood, with a policy founded upon their declarations and principles, succeeding Abraham Lincoln and the policy of the war for the Union! Is that by any possibility or sophistication a policy of peace or an era of any thing but the most exasperated hatreds? Does any American citizen, still open to argument and reflection, honestly suppose that the spirit of Wade Hampton is more the spirit of peace and fraternal union than that of General Grant, or that the career and the declarations of Frank Blair promise wiser counsels than those of Schuyler Colfax?

Yet this is the sharply defined issue which the Democratic party has chosen to offer to the country; and it could not have done a greater service to civilization. Had it followed the advice of its shrewder but unprincipled minority, instead of its relentless and haughty majority—had it veiled its hatreds and its hopes—it might have pushed its hand nearer to the power and plunder it burns to clutch. But it deploys upon the open field. It flaunts its black flags in the sunlight. It loudly demands repudiation, disgrace, anarchy. It eagerly threatens civil war if the country will but give it a chance. Let the country lift its eyes—let it behold the years from Sumter to Appomattox—let it reflect who and what made those years—and answer!

THE TRUTH *VS.* "A GREAT STATESMAN."

The Democratic organs are fond of saying that the only document which the party of Robert Toombs and Vallandigham need to circulate to insure success is the speech of Mr. Seymour upon the finances. They seem to suppose that the country must have the profoundest confidence in a party whose financial ability has been illustrated in national office by such models of economy and patriotic devotion as the last Democratic Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, and the last Democratic Secretary of the Treasury, Howell Cobb. If, however, in the absence of any such conspicuous national officers, the country desires to study the Democratic genius for economy and financial administration, let it study the municipal government of the city of New York. Or if, unwilling to decide by examples, it would know the exact facts in regard to the wasteful extravagance of the Republican party, let it begin by ascertaining the truth of Mr. Seymour's statements.

A plausible orator, who fluently rehearses figures in detail, has it all his own way until his figures can be verified. Mr. Seymour is very apt at that kind of argument which exact knowledge always confutes. A promiscuous audience may be pardoned if it can not upon the moment marshal the facts which dispose of the figures which the orator has carefully crammed. But the nimblest confidence-man can not finally outrun justice. A year ago Mr. Sanford E. Church, Chairman of the Finance Committee in the Constitutional Convention of New York, made an elaborate report, involving a great quantity of figures intended to prove that the State was practically bankrupt. It was designed as a partisan campaign document. It alarmed many persons who had no means of verifying its statements, or of discovering its sophistries. Mr. Hutchins in the Convention, and Mr. D. A. Wells in reply to inquiries of Mr. John M. Francis, made vigorous exposures of the document. But it served its purpose. It was a good Morgan.

Mr. Seymour has been trying the game upon a larger scale. In his New York speech, just before the election, he unrolled an imposing array of figures, to show not only the enormity of the taxation of the country, but the reckless waste of the administration. The moral of his speech was evident; if you would have taxation lessened and enjoy a severely economical system put those famous financiers H. Seymour & Co. into power. Now mark how plain a tale puts a demag—that is to say, a "great statesman"—down. Judge his whole assertion by a part of it. Mr. Seymour says, "Since the war closed in 1865 the Government has spent for its expenses, in addition to its payment on the principal and interest of the public debt, more than one thousand million of dollars. Of this sum there has been nearly eight hundred millions spent on the army and navy and for military purposes. This is nearly one-third of the national debt. This was spent in time of peace." There is a very explicit assertion. A third of the national debt has accumulated since the war closed, and the country is paying for its army and navy nearly $270,000,000 in a time of profound peace! Could there be a guiltier extravagance? Could any thing call more loudly for H. Seymour & Co.?

Now Mr. Blaine, a very attentive and able representative in Congress, from the State of Maine, heard, through the Democratic papers, these smooth and fluent assertions of Mr. Seymour, and he immediately went to the Treasury Department to ascertain their accuracy. And this was what he found. When the war ended there were nearly a million of men in the Union armies, and nearly five hundred vessels, with their proper crews, blockading three thousand miles of coast. This immense force was mustered out of service as rapidly as possible. Months of pay were due to more than half the army; the closing bounty was due to all; and the sailors, besides back-pay, had millions of prize-money to receive. This vast sum was to be provided at once, and the people supplied it. Thus, within one hundred and seventy-four days after Grant's closing victory, the Treasury disbursed $625,000,000. That is more than three-fourths of the sum stated by Mr. Seymour as the war and navy expenses of the last three years, and intended by him to convey the impression that such was the *current rate* of those expenses—and these three-fourths of the whole amount he mentions were disbursed in one sum at the close of hostilities, as the necessary expense of mustering out the vast forces of the Union. These $625,000,000, being deducted from Mr. Seymour's total of $800,000,000, show that the current legitimate expenses of both branches have been $175,000,000, or a little more than $58,000,000 for each year. Now, as to comparative Democratic economy, it appears that in the year 1858, under Mr. Buchanan, the expenses of the navy were $14,000,000 in gold, and of the army nearly $26,000,000 in gold: for both nearly $40,000,000 in gold, for a smaller army and navy than those which the rebellion has rendered necessary. That is to say, the army to-day, under the management of General Grant, costs much less per regiment in paper than it cost per regiment in gold under the last Democratic administration.

Mr. Horatio Seymour, it seems, quotes figures, and partly by concealing, partly by distorting their true significance, produces an entirely false impression. This would be unspeakably contemptible in a demagogue. What is it in "a great statesman?"

VIEWS OF A DEMOCRATIC LEADER.

That some of those who tried to destroy the Union and the Government to save slavery may have been sincere may be admitted. But that those whose only feeling is profound regret and mortification at their failure, who still believe in the right of secession, and the excellence of slavery, and who frankly acknowledge that they do not despair of the cause, should be intrusted with the Government of the United States is absurd. A man like General Longstreet, who honestly declares that he thought his view correct, that he submitted to the decision of the sword, that the sword decided against him, that he yields to the decision and will make the best of it, is a man whom every body can respect and trust. So one, like Wade Hampton, who announces that although worsted in the field he yet hopes to make his cause triumphant, may be respected for his frankness, but he is to be trusted in politics exactly as a torch may be trusted in a powder magazine.

Now Wade Hampton is a representative of the Democratic leaders in this campaign in the Southern States. The spirit of his speeches is that which animates the supporters of Seymour and Blair. He is, as the New York *World* declares, the successor of Calhoun in the affections of South Carolina—the word South Carolina being used to describe those inhabitants of the State who hold Calhoun's nullification and secession theories. Upon his way to New York, as a delegate to the Democratic Convention, General Hampton proudly proclaimed his unfaltering faith in the final success of the rebellion. In the Convention he was placed upon the Committee on the platform, and he added to it the words describing the reconstruction acts as "revolutionary, unconstitutional, and void;" and he says that every single member of the Committee warmly approved and declared that they would carry out those words to the end. At a ratification meeting in New York before he left General Hampton proposed that if there were a majority of white votes—which he thought might be obtained, an opinion in which the Ku-Klux Klan agrees—then Seymour and Blair were to be put into the White House at the point of the bayonet.

Upon his way home General Hampton spoke in Baltimore. His speech was an expression of ardent admiration and sympathy for Marylanders who, like Marshal Kane, took arms upon the rebel side. These were "the brave and true men of that immortal army." Reaching Charleston he was received by his friends of the Democratic party with enthusiasm. The speech he made was a glowing rhapsody in honor of State rights, and a boundless eulogy of the men who, with him, had fought against their country. Speaking of the recreant soldier who, with conscious falsehood, announced that the battle cry of the Union soldiers was "Booty and beauty," Wade Hampton exclaimed: "So long as patriotism, constancy, and valor are esteemed the wondrous story of her [Charleston's] defense will stir the hearts of brave men, and noble women will teach their children to lisp the name of Beauregard." The whole speech is conceived in the intensest spirit of devotion to South Carolina as opposed to the United States. There is not a thought, an emotion, a word in it which is not inspired by the old South Carolina provincial jealousy of the Union and devotion to Calhoun's doctrine of supreme State sovereignty. As for the colored citizens this chivalric gentleman says plainly let them vote for Seymour and Blair or starve. "Agree among yourselves, and act firmly on this agreement, that you will not employ any one who votes the Radical ticket. Use all the means that are placed in your hands to control this element." The next morning General Hampton repeated the substance of the speech, saying that he still had the torn flag which his comrades had loved so well and defended so gallantly, and he would cherish it until they had a State again.

Is this the kind of talk which becomes those who, when the country requires peace above all things, aspire to direct the government? After our experience of the last seven years do we want Calhoun again and his theories and measures? Yet this is what the Democratic party proposes. Again, as for years before the war, the inhuman purposes and impracticable conceits of aristocratic visionaries control its councils. They were always the bane, they have lately been the tragedy, of our politics. Those who would restore Calhoun and trample upon the graves of loyal soldiers—who would justify Wade Hampton's rebellion and abandon four millions of loyal people to unimaginable suffering—will do as Wade Hampton advises, and vote for Seymour and Blair. Those who are convinced that Calhoun was the most fatal enemy of the principles of the Union, and who are resolved that the enormous expense of money and of life in the war shall have gained something, will now throw their votes, as four years ago they raised their prayers, for Grant, liberty, and peace.

A "TYRANT" AND A "BUTCHER."

On the 4th of July, 1863, when Horatio Seymour was derisively asking a New York mob "Where are the victories that were promised us?" and instigating the riots that broke out a fortnight afterward, General Grant was receiving the surrender of Vicksburg and of the Mississippi, after one of the most heroic and skillful campaigns in military history. On the 13th President Lincoln wrote to him the following letter:

"My dear General,—I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I write to say a word farther. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like, could succeed. When you got below, and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks, and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong.

"Yours truly, A. Lincoln."

When Grant was entering upon the final and triumphant campaign, the President wrote to him as follows on the 30th April, 1864:

"Lieutenant-General Grant,—Not expecting to see you before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time so far as I understand it.

"The particulars of your plan I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant, and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any restraints or constraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster or capture of our men in great number shall be avoided, I know that these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there be any thing wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it.

"And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you!

"Yours very truly,
"A. Lincoln."

General GRANT replied the next day from his head-quarters in the field as follows:

"Your very kind letter of yesterday is just received. The confidence you express for the future, and satisfaction for the past, in my military administration, is acknowledged with pride. It shall be my earnest endeavor that you and the country shall not be disappointed. From my first entrance into the volunteer service of the country to the present day I have never had cause of complaint; have never expressed or implied a complaint against the Administration or the Secretary of War, for throwing any embarrassment in the way of my vigorously prosecuting what appeared to be my duty.

"Indeed, since the promotion which placed me in command of all the armies, and in view of the great responsibility and importance of success, I have been astonished at the readiness with which every thing asked for has been yielded, without even an explanation being asked. Should my success be less than I desire and expect, the least I can say is, the fault is not with you.

"Very truly, your obedient servant,
"U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General."

It is instructive to contrast with this conduct of an "odious tyrant" and a ferocious "butcher" the earnest, untiring, patriotic devotion to the Union and the Constitution of TOOMBS, VALLANDIGHAM, SEYMOUR, COBB, PENDLETON, FORREST, and Company. All true Conservatives will of course agree with Mr. ROBERT TOOMBS that the only way to save the Constitution is to defeat GRANT, and follow the advice of Mr. ROBERT TOOMBS by electing SEYMOUR.

THE FALL TRADE.

THE monthly report of the Agricultural Department for July is more favorable as to the breadth of land in the United States devoted to grain, and the condition of all the crops we raise, than any hitherto presented; and as there are strong indications of a considerable foreign demand for our products, it may be inferred that the fall trade will be as active as the year of an earnest political contest will allow. The report to the 28th July, with respect to cotton, shows that but eighty thousand bales for export and use remained in the United States, the price of which on the 1st instant advanced on what was called an active market, due in part to speculation, but chiefly to the difficulty of obtaining good middlings, as the quantity thus estimated at the several ports constituted the entire refuse of all the markets in this country. It is not so easy to arrive at an estimate of the quantity of cotton goods manufactured and held at the mills and by jobbers; but as full time was not made in May and part of June, it is inferred with confidence that the quantity on hand, and to be manufactured, is not at all in excess of what will be required up to the time when the new crop will appear. Sales of raw cotton are since reported quiet.

The Imperial decree admitting cereals into France free of tonnage duty after October may well be accepted as evidence of a large foreign demand for our agricultural productions.

Our imports are somewhat lighter than were those of last year to this period, and it is well known that country merchants have been purchasing with unusual caution, and are consequently not heavily stocked.

A new feature in our exports—which we trust may hereafter be on a scale of equality at least with our imports, for no country is safe which permits an excess of the latter—has been developed, owing to the drought in England. One of the steamers of WILLIAMS & GUION'S line took out on her last voyage a quantity of hay. Hay has not, we think, been exported to Europe for many years. The quantity of oil-cake found in this market was immediately procured and sent there, and contracts for its delivery as manufactured were also made by English agents. Clover seed was sent over to be used on the termination of the drought, and the wants due to this cause were partially supplied by the export of cheese, butter, lard, bacon, corn, etc., which articles must continue to go forward until a new crop comes to their relief.

All the conditions, therefore, required for such a fall trade as we have indicated will be found to exist if there is no disappointment with respect to our crops. They constitute the real basis of our prosperity, inasmuch as probably seven-tenths of our population are devoted to agriculture, and their labor is employed on lands which yield the most bountiful harvests, except in the few States in which they have been partially exhausted by careless cultivation.

The question whether or not there is any thing in the condition of our finances and politics to interfere with an active trade can not be overlooked.

The platform of the Democratic party affirms that the action of Congress in subjecting the Southern States to its policy of Reconstruction is unconstitutional, null, and void, and General BLAIR declares that it is the duty of the President, using the forces of the United States for the purpose, to set the new governments aside, and reinstate those which existed during the rebellion. With respect to the Five-Twenties, they allege the right and duty to pay them in greenbacks. These doctrines, which are revolutionary in their character, and are based on repudiation, can not be adopted by the people of the United States without giving a reverse action to its whole machinery, political and financial, and creating anxiety at home and abroad. We misconstrue all the signs of the times, and place a very erroneous estimate on the wisdom, virtue, and firmness of the American people, if they are willing, at the very moment of success in that experiment, and when the Southern States are about to emerge from pecuniary troubles, owing to bountiful crops of grain, and the promise of a good cotton crop, to plunge them and the country once more into those difficulties which General GRANT foresaw when, in his letter of acceptance of the presidential nomination, he stated that it would be his policy and duty, if elected, to secure *peace*. He discerned, long in advance of the assemblage of the Democratic Convention, that this single word not only involved the main issue of the canvass, but that it constituted the basis of our prosperity as a people, and this the election of General GRANT will no doubt secure.

NATURALIZED CITIZENS.

THERE is no country so interested in the naturalization question as the United States, because there is none which has so large and so constantly increasing a foreign population. As we have more than once shown, however, while the country has often talked of its policy and position upon the subject, as if they were peculiar, it has had none whatever except the custom of other nations. It is now plain that some decisive declaration of principle should be made. It is absurd for us to permit any power to claim as subjects persons who have been admitted to citizenship in the United States, and who take part in the government of the country. But foreign powers are rapidly conceding our view of the subject, and are treating with us for the security of naturalized citizens. Is this the moment to select to strike an attitude and insist that if our views are not accepted the most direful consequences shall instantly ensue? What we want is good sense and good humor, not buncomb and bluster.

There are two methods in which the subject may be disposed of. We may declare by law that if a claim of foreign allegiance shall be practically asserted against a naturalized American citizen, the President may arrest any subject of the offending government, and virtually declare war. Or we may settle the matter by treaty and mutual good-will. This question is especially of the kind called international. The different nations, not their rulers only, are concerned in the subject of expatriation. The situation and necessities of each, as moulding their public opinion, should be fairly considered. But if every nation is to define its policy upon such questions in a harsh and haughty manner—if, for instance, when England, whose general law upon the subject we have hitherto followed, and which has always asserted what we are persuaded has now become an unreasonable and intolerable doctrine, says that she is ready to accept our general view of the question, and to make some mutual amicable arrangement, ought we to insist that we will settle it by a law of our own, to which we will compel her assent at the point of the bayonet?

Such a proposition is as unreasonable and intolerable as the old British doctrine itself. It is unmanly, dishonorable, and therefore wholly unworthy of the United States. Our first duty is plainly to settle the difference by treaty. If the attempt prove to be impracticable—if England or any nation declines to yield what we feel that we can not properly relinquish—we are then evidently justified in settling it alone, and by laws that we must unhesitatingly enforce by all recognized and worthy national means. But the action of Germany, and the words of the British Foreign Secretary, show that we are not yet compelled to take this course. The question is, upon every account, better settled by treaty; and foreign powers are willing and ready to treat. They are considering the terms of a good international understanding; and we, knowing precisely what we want, may wisely wait a little until they have determined, knowing, as we do, that at such a time and under such circumstances no naturalized citizen is in serious danger.

THE WELLS SEMINARY.

UPON the eastern shore of Cayuga lake, twelve miles above Cayuga bridge, and in the very centre and garden of New York, is the little village of Aurora. It is scarcely more than a hamlet with a few hundreds of inhabitants; but it has a delightful aspect of general comfort and rural repose. Among those who have chosen this pleasant spot for a home is HENRY WELLS, noted in the Express business as one of its founders and most skillful managers. For many years it has been his wish to devote an ample sum of money to the foundation of a school for the higher education of women upon the same general plan as the Vassar College at Poughkeepsie. In pursuance of his intention Mr. WELLS devoted to the purposes of the seminary a part of his fine estate immediately adjoining the grounds of his own residence; and at his expense, Mr. S. D. MANDELL, of Aurora, an architect of modesty, ability, and of the utmost conscience in his profession, has erected a substantial and admirable building in a simple Norman style, upon the long western slope of the hill to the lake. The situation is charming, the grounds are spacious, and the building is simply and therefore conveniently arranged. It is most faithfully finished; it is full of light and air, and the chambers for the pupils are large and convenient. Mr. WELLS has thoroughly furnished the building, plainly but tastefully; and a more delightful home for the purpose it is not possible to find.

On the 23d of July, the Seminary building being completed, Mr. WELLS executed a deed of gift to a Board of Trustees for the purposes mentioned. For him it was a day of unalloyed gratification in the satisfactory accomplishment of a noble purpose, and for the lovely village a memorable festival. The lake steamer brought friends from all around and landed them upon a wharf wreathed and garlanded. Under a green arch they passed into the grounds of the Seminary, and at one o'clock the ceremonies of dedication took place in the large hall. Prayers were made; the charter of incorporation and the deed of gift were read; Mr. WELLS presented the deed in a brief and very appropriate address; speeches were delivered, and the benediction pronounced. Then there was a simple collation, and in the evening a reception and a merry dance. The day was beautiful; the order of exercises promptly followed, and every auspice was fair. Among the guests was EZRA CORNELL, for Ithaca and the Cornell University are at the head of the lake only twenty-eight miles away, and a most friendly greeting was offered by the Seminary to the University. In a few words of response Mr. CORNELL suggested with practical sagacity that the Seminary so amply founded needed but one thing, and that was a satisfactory endowment; and he proposed to be one of a hundred to subscribe a thousand dollars each for an endowment fund. He said that so noble an institution ought to be the resort of the poorer girls who could not afford to pay the fees which would be necessary to support such a Seminary. But without an endowment it would be necessarily so expensive that it would be a school for rich rather than for poor girls. Mr. CORNELL'S remarks were very cogent, and will hardly fail to be very effective.

It is in such works as these, the devotion of fortunes by private men to great public uses, that the State of New York is becoming truly imperial. ASTOR, COOPER, VASSAR, CORNELL, WELLS, give, literally, of their own. Their fortunes are the accumulations of their individual energy, sagacity, and industry. Their example vindicates the zeal of money-getting, and relieves great wealth of a sordid taint. The purpose which inspires them is the noble tribute of practical sagacity to the essential dignity and value of the intellect and of knowledge. MATTHEW VASSAR was a brewer. At the close of a long and successful life he builds a spacious and imposing college, which will adequately accommodate hundreds of girls; gives to it a thorough appointment, and its Board of Trustees fill it with accomplished teachers, MARIA MITCHELL among them. The heart and hand of the founder are devoted to the work. He sees his college established, successful, renowned; and on a soft summer morning as he sits reading to the Trustees a statement of his further hopes and wishes, his voice fails, his head gently falls upon his breast, and the old man is dead. There are few scenes more memorable; there is no death more beautiful. The old man had learned the secret of the incorruptible treasure. He understood that the duty of the rich man is to be the almoner of the divine bounty.

THE ANNUAL UNIVERSITY DISGRACE.

THE annual meeting of the Harvard and Yale boat clubs at Worcester for the University regatta has become an annual disgrace. The glory of the winning crew is entirely lost in the shame of the conduct of the collegians. Harvard, Yale, and the student character are involved in a common ignominy. The youth of Worcester, and of the country who are not "college-bred," see the stupid riot of the "young gentlemen" from the Universities, and feel only contempt for unmanly rowdies and roaring bullies. In the days of town and gown, when the students were exposed to broken heads in open warfare, there was at least a feeling of fair play that redeemed the business from being despicable. But these Worcester performances are like the excursions of Dead Rabbits from the city to some suburb, which they overrun with drunken riot, terrifying women and children, and richly meriting a souse in the duck-pond.

As the experience of some years has now shown that Worcester and all decent society have to apprehend public disturbances from this incursion of students, it is but fair to act accordingly. Next year, therefore, when the inroad occurs why should not the authorities, as the arrests are made, publish the names of the rioters in full? The young gentlemen will thus have all the renown of their noble deeds. But better still, since the good name of all students and of the Universities is involved, since all gentlemen and scholars are concerned that their fair fame shall not be smirched by these disorders, why will not the University crews, who are the heroes of the occasion, resolve not to hold the regatta if such conduct is repeated? Let it once be understood that, if the usual disorder takes place next summer, the regatta will be omitted in the following year, and every man is upon his honor; and whoever begins the riot convicts himself as a selfish lout who will be sent to Coventry by all gentlemen.

The reform must begin among the students themselves, and of course among those who feel the disgrace of this annual row and who are competent to correct it. Little children in the nursery and drunken vagabonds in the bar-room are not the best models of behavior for students at two great Universities.

HOW MUCH CAN WE STAND?

AMERICAN statesmen are model believers in the bone and sinew of their countrymen. And they have boundless confidence in a favoring Providence, and in all the subsidiary agencies of wind and weather, of soil and climate, of spindles and looms. The contingents of trade and commerce, the proverbial accidents of industry, and the upsetting proclivity of circumstances, are quite too subtle, too remote from the creed of the multiplication-table, for their instant habits of calculation and comprehension. Such things require study, and they do not number study among the intellectual virtues. They agree with FUSELI that no great idea ever entered the mind by piecemeal. And, genius-like, they legislate accordingly.

Heaven always rewards a true and generous confidence. But it always punishes a false and romantic confidence. The essence of statesmanship is in discrimination, in knowing what to trust and how far to trust, in seeing clearly and vividly that accidents are as much a part of this world's system as its laws; and, furthermore, that the value of statesmanship lies in the faculty of foreseeing in what way these fortuitous circumstances are likely to combine and what consequences are to ensue. The vice of American statesmanship is its chronic neglect of the accidental element in human affairs, and hence it has ever been the most unprophetic statesmanship in the history of the world. It has rarely had any prescience. It presumes with an amazing recklessness on the bounty of nature and the productive industry of its citizens while ignoring the limits of human energy and the easy exhaustion of human forbearance.

The world owes DR. CHALMERS a debt of gratitude for being the first to present with great breadth of illustration the doctrine of the recuperative power of nations. And MILL has done well to reset the great truth in the charms of his lucid argumentation. But while our statesmanship assumes this truth and acts upon it, we are entitled to the benefit of common-sense in putting the industry of the country on such a basis that it can fully exert its energies and restore its lost prosperity. The resources of the land are great enough for common-sense people—great enough to rescue us from the ruin impending—but not great enough to be trifled with and legislated away into chaffy nothingness. BUCKLE argues very sensibly, that the best legislation of modern times has consisted in undoing former legislation, and we commend the idea to our law-makers.

THE REBEL YELL.

THE Mobile *Register*, edited by JOHN FORSYTH, one of the most virulent of rebels, speaking of the rebel yell in Tammany Hall when the selection of SEYMOUR was announced, says:

"How clear that note used to ring upon the air of Vicksburg of a night in years long past! And who that heard it, or heard of it, will ever forget the panic it sent to the Mexicans when JEFFERSON DAVIS'S Mississippians pealed it forth at the welcome order to charge the works of Monterey? You can *read* it now in the Mississippi papers as they recount the incidents of their recent victory over violence and fraud; and it will make the air resonant from the Rio Grande to the Potomac at the last irresistible charge next November, cheering the hearts of our Democratic friends and chilling those of our oppressors. *Stand by for that yell!*"

Ay, ay, Sir! The Union boys are not very much afraid. With GRANT they silenced that yell in 1865, and with GRANT they will silence it again in 1868.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Florida Legislature passed a bill, on August 3, taking the election of delegates to the Electoral College from the people, and vesting it in the Legislature.

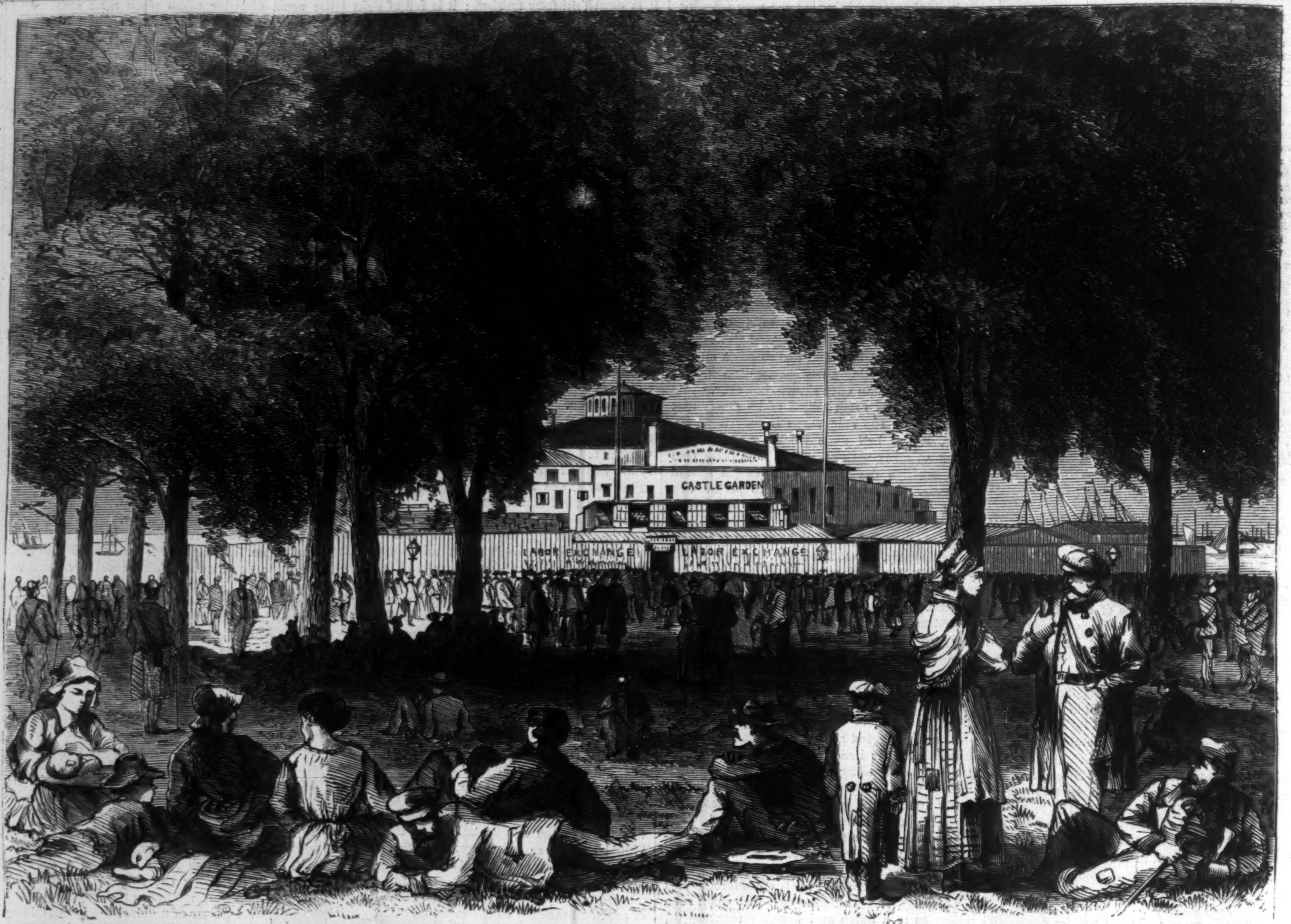
General Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly), Register of New York City, died of congestion of the brain on August 3.

FOREIGN NEWS.

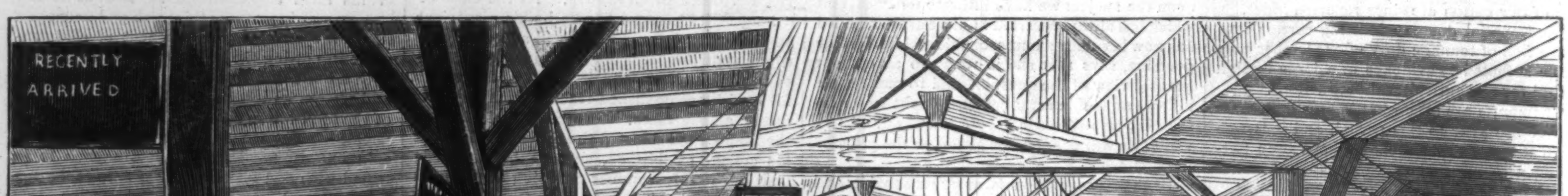
QUEEN VICTORIA is on a tour of Europe, to see her late husband's early home, and visit her daughters and grandchildren.

The first demonstration of rivalry and hostility between Russia and England in Asia comes from Russia. The Czar has forbidden all commercial intercourse between his newly-conquered province of Bokhara and India. *Our* system of civilization in Asia is wiser than this, and its first principle looks to the extension of trade and the opening of ports.

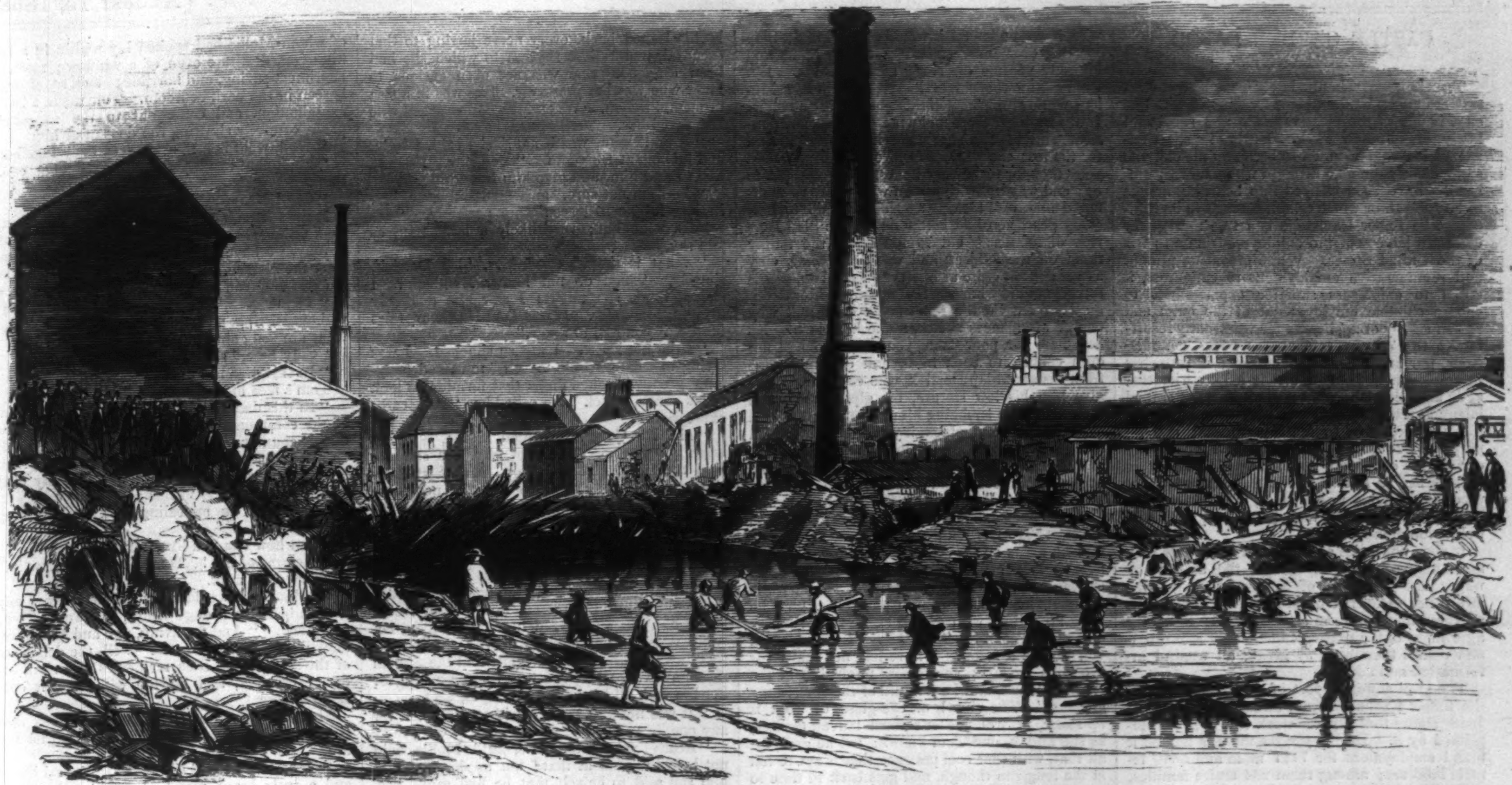
There are hopeful signs from South America. Chili has abolished imprisonment for debt. Peru is disposed to negotiate a peace with Spain through the mediation of the United States; and Lopez, of Paraguay, has made propositions for peace with Brazil through United States Minister Washburn.



THE LABOR EXCHANGE—EMIGRANTS ON THE BATTERY IN FRONT OF CASTLE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 518.]



THE LABOR EXCHANGE—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE OFFICE AT CASTLE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 518.]



THE MARYLAND FLOOD—SCENE IN HILLEN STREET, BALTIMORE, AFTER THE FLOOD HAD SUBSIDED.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 521.]

THE MARYLAND FLOOD—SCENE AT ELLICOTT CITY AFTER THE FLOOD.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 521.]

THE MARYLAND FLOOD—SCENE IN HARRISON STREET, BALTIMORE, AFTER THE FLOOD.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 521.]

CASTLE GARDEN LABOR EXCHANGE.

THE Labor Exchange lately organized at Castle Garden, the landing-place for emigrants to this city, is one of the most valuable and successful institutions in New York. During its short existence it has done much to break up the old, vile system of "runners," through whom unwary emigrants have been enticed into boarding-houses to be robbed, or worse establishments to be ruined. The Labor Exchange is a free market for emigrant labor, open to employers from all parts of the United States. While procuring prompt and remunerative employment to emigrants, it offers to employers superior opportunities to choose suitable employés out of the large and varied supply of applicants for work daily resorting to this office. It charges no fees, commissions, nor any other remuneration; it furnishes to employers not only domestic help, agricultural or unskilled labor, but also all kinds of skilled laborers, mechanics, and artisans; land speculators are excluded from its privileges; and all propositions contemplating the sale or leasing of land to emigrants are rejected. Employers must either be known to the Superintendent, or produce satisfactory references, and agents must be duly authorized by their principals, and come well recommended.

It does not make contracts for emigrants with the employer; it does not fix the amount of wages nor the term of service, nor prescribe any other condition of the contract; it leaves all these matters to be settled by the voluntary agreement of the parties immediately interested, and assists them only by giving all needful information and advice.

The semi-annual report of the transactions at the Labor Exchange from January 1 to July 1, 1868, shows that a great work has been accomplished by it. During the six months named it found employment for 7111 male and 5840 female laborers; among them 254 entire families, comprising 721 persons. Orders to the number of 15,700 were received from employers, and since the opening of spring the demand for laborers has far exceeded the supply. Farm laborers may be hired for wages varying from $6 to $10 per month in winter; from $12 to $18 in summer (besides board and lodging). Engagements for the whole year are of rare occurrence. Southern planters have, in a few instances, hired good farm hands in this office by the year for $120 to $180 (besides board and lodging). Female domestic servants obtain from $6 to $10 per month. Professed cooks have been engaged from $12 to $20 per month. Families, consisting of husband and wife, and sometimes including one or more small children, have been hired for $15 to $24 per month. Emigrants are at present reluctant to take Southern engagements, because unfavorable impressions prevail in regard to the situation and treatment of the Southern laborer, the kind and quality of food and lodging furnished to him, and the prompt and sure payment of his wages. The emigrant will build his new home only where labor is duly honored and reaps its just reward. Let him realize the fact that labor in the South leads just as surely to independence, comfort, and a respectable social position as it does in the North, and the Southern States will soon attract a large and steady stream of European immigration.

Our illustrations show the exterior of Castle Garden, with the emigrants in the park on the Battery, and the interior of the Labor Exchange.

PLUCK AND LUCK.

"CONFOUND it!" said Tom, puffing resignedly at his cigar, "from our very birth Bingham and I were always pitted against each other, and he always won all the points. I was always good for every thing epidemic that was going, and always whining in the contagious stage of something or other, and my aunt Slap Derrick, who has got the diamonds, hated me. From fourteen to twenty I was a sloven, and a bear besides! Now I have brains (I suppose a fellow may do justice to himself), but no tongue-power; muscle, but a low stature; an ugly phiz, and no small-talk. A likely portrait to win a woman's favor, whether my aunt Slap Derrick's or Mollie Miller's! And Bingham was always what you see him. You and I know that he is a coward, and I should not like to say what besides, and yet I catch myself believing in him! And his inevitable luck would make a man believe in Fate. The very weather is in a conspiracy with him. The most scowling day brightens for him, and the fairest morning is sure to turn to drizzle with me. It was always so! And I say, let him take all the cards and end it," tossing his cigar into the grate, as if to light the sacrifice.

Dayton, Tom's friend, listened smiling. He was tolerably well used to such confidences. Besides, though Tom used the language of defeat, there was a spark of battle in his eye. He was not the man to hang on his aunt's lips for the Slap Derrick diamonds, though he was ready enough to admit that they were good things in their way. He was the man to make a stand for a girl like Mollie Miller. Just as in words he announced his defeat a new resolve was kindling within him. And Dayton, who loved Tom, and had something of a woman's instinct, was quick to seize the propitious moment.

"Why not try pluck against luck?" he asked, reading Tom's look.

"By Jove, I will!" answered Tom.

At the time of this conversation all the principals of our story were together at the Rotherhithe House. Tom, his aunt Slap Derrick, his cousin Bingham, Dayton, and the Miller party; and the position of these human pawns just then was such that Tom's "I will" needed to be potent. It was fair sailing enough for Bingham, who, it was understood, would succeed to the Slap Derrick diamonds. For him thorny aunts and brambly parents discreetly stepped aside. But Tom was another pair of sleeves, thought Mrs. Miller; while Mollie herself thought nothing about it. It was her business to make pretty toilets, and gentlemen might secure her smiles if they could. And for the rest, she was not in love with Bingham—yet—though, to be very honest, she expected to be; and why not with a man who was well-mannered and well-looking? Nobody said to her, "My dear, you had better marry the Slap Derrick diamonds;" but Mollie knew the family mind on the subject, and was not averse, only as yet she felt quite at liberty to speculate, as she sometimes did when she had nothing better to do, on Tom Du Cœur's remarkable eyes, and why one of his glances should make her blush. No help here for poor Tom, you see, who had not even conceit to back him; and certainly none from his aunt Slap Derrick, who could never forgive him his low stature, his gipsy looks, and took delight in snubbing him. Nothing but cool audacity—or call it pluck, if you like—with which to fight his cousin's good looks, and good luck, and the Slap Derrick diamonds, worth, as we all know, good looks and courage both together. With all these things in his favor Tom came on in the most encouraging manner. He had always his aunt Slap Derrick's shawls or one of Mollie's maiden aunts on his arm. And it was his business to look after the picnic baskets, and the carriages, and the gipsy fires, and so on, while Bingham kept the ladies in small-talk. Or if he went up to talk with Mollie he met Mrs. Miller half-way, who said, "Oh, Mr. Du Cœur, could you do me a favor? I have left my shawl (or eye-glass, or book, as the case might be) in the summer-house, and I am afraid of the dew, in my slippers." The shawl, or eye-glass, or book is up stairs, in Mrs. Miller's third bureau drawer, as she knows, and Tom knows; but he goes, for all that, with that cool patience that is apt to tell in the long-run though, and gets back in time to see Mollie going off on Bingham's arm.

Dayton, who knew Tom's worth greater, he thought, than the Slap Derrick diamonds, was bitter enough over these "diamond worshipers," as he called them. But Tom only smiled.

"I put my head down and take it," he said; "and if you notice, it is those people who do that who win in the end. I am quite at ease about my success, or should be, were it not for my feelings. Properly to manage a love affair a man should not be in love with the lady. That is one of the first rules of art. Now I am—in love I mean—and I can't obey the rules of art; and my confounded feelings trip me. I get jealous, and sulk, and all that sort of thing: though I know all the time that it is a mistake to sulk, when nobody cares about it. I wish I were as sure that my luck would not spoil all as that I shall succeed! Laugh, if you like, but I believe in presentiments. I shall win. I have that in me that will buy the triumph; but as the prize is in my hand my luck will cross me again, and I shall lose it."

"Nonsense!" said Dayton. "Stuff!"

"Very good. Wait and see," said Tom; and in the same breath, "Why, what is Miss Miller about?"

That morning the entire party at Rotherhithe had embarked for an excursion to a neighboring town. Tom, determined to throw up his office of shawl-bearer, had walked to the forward car, where he stood talking, as just quoted, with Dayton. Perhaps something besides the shawls was at the bottom of this move. Bingham walked with Mollie, who looked as fresh as the rose in her little hat, and blushed as prettily. But then it was not a pleasant sight for Tom, and he went on in a rage, leaving Aunt Slap Derrick and her bundles to Bingham also. Mrs. Slap Derrick was not the woman to bate one jot of her claims for the prettiest girl in the world. Bingham was fully occupied with her; and meantime Mollie found that she had left her bag in the waiting-room, and sprang out to fetch it.

How in an instant, from careless ease and security, we sometimes find ourselves hanging between life and death! Mollie did not find the bag at once, and she was determined not to lose it, as it held her watch and chain. She was gone, she thought, but a moment, and the train was in motion, and her mother and Mrs. Slap Derrick screaming for her as she stepped on the platform. It was all in an instant. One moment she was trying for a foothold on the steps, the next she was being dragged by the train, clinging desperately to the railing of the car platform, sure of going under the wheels if she relaxed her hold, and sure of going under in any event a little further on. A woman had been cut to pieces there two weeks before. She had time to remember that. She saw the white, shocked faces of men looking down at her, Bingham, who had made his way to the door, among the rest, and wondered why they did not help her. She seemed to have dragged there for an eternity, yet it was but an instant, when somebody clasped her about the waist; somebody, panting and breathing hard, ran desperately with the train, slackening its speed now as her peril was discovered; helping hands were held out; somebody held her up, stunned and dizzy; Mollie stood in the door; the little knot of men made way for her; and Mrs. Slap Derrick, who had seen it all, seized her hands.

"My poor child! my dear child!" cried Mrs. Slap Derrick. "Oh, Mrs. Miller! thank God that she is safe!"

Mrs. Miller, calmly tying up a parcel, looked up in surprise, thus pathetically adjured.

"Safe! Good Lord! what has been the matter?"

"Are you hurt?" exclaimed Bingham, bustling up. "I was so frightened, Miss Mollie."

"Hurt! frightened!" Mrs. Miller began to grow hysterical. Every body talked together. Mollie leaned back, every nerve jarring to that dreadful, remorseless rhythm to which she had been dragged. She was not even curious to know who was her preserver. She was in a sort of mental swoon. When Mrs. Miller asked who had saved her,

"A brakeman, was it not?" she said, faintly, and looking at Bingham. "You saw. I should like to find him, and give him something."

"I—I am not sure," answered Bingham, hesitating, for he had seen Tom perfectly. "He wore a wide hat; very likely a brakeman, as you say."

"What is that?" cried Mrs. Slap Derrick, sharply. "You do not know, Bingham? I should think you might; I saw him distinctly over your shoulder. It was Tom Du Cœur, Miss Mollie, if you like to know."

"I did not know. I was so shocked. I was trying to get to Mollie myself," muttered Bingham, greatly abashed under that formidable look of his aunt's, which Tom called her "rhinoceros expression."

"Mr. Du Cœur!" repeated Mollie, blushing brightly. She could not tell why, but she was glad that it was Tom. "Oh! Mrs. Slap Derrick! where is he? Why does he not come here? I want to thank him. Where *has* he gone?"

"He has a bad habit of modesty," answered Mrs. Slap Derrick, dryly, which was very true. Besides, Tom did not choose that Mollie should love him, if she ever loved him, out of gratitude; and he hid himself purposely; and when Mollie found him out and seized him he attained, between vexation and shyness, to the very sublimity of awkwardness, and actually told the woman that he loved, when she was thanking him for her life with all her soul in her eyes, that

"It was nothing. He would have done it for any one."

"Really! you are too flattering!" Mollie could not help but pout at that; but as she looked at him she said to herself that he had saved her, after all, and held out both her hands to him.

"If you do not care, I have reason to do so," she said, earnestly. "And I thank you for it with all my heart. You snatched me from a dreadful death. Those men stood staring at me, and you alone knew what to do. I will always thank you for it. I will always be your grateful friend, Mr. Du Cœur."

Tom turned very pale.

"You have no reason to thank me," he said, holding her hands tight. "If the wheels had gone over you, I would have thrown myself there."

And now who knows what would have happened next, but just then Tom found Mrs. Miller at his elbow.

"We shall always be grateful, Mr. Du Cœur," commenced that lady, and broke down. She was hysterical now, whenever Mollie's danger was mentioned.

"We are all grateful," put in Bingham, smoothly. "You are sure it *was* you, Tom? Aunt Slap Derrick says so; but her sight is none of the best. I thought that it was a brakeman."

"Indeed," interposed Mollie, "it was Mr. Du Cœur. I know it now." And then she blushed scarlet. She had grown suddenly very shy of "Mr. Du Cœur." "And I do not know how to thank him enough," she persisted, bravely.

"Shall I tell you how to thank me?" whispered Tom, suddenly, forgetting his fine theories about not owing love to gratitude. "Tell me, if you can with truth, that you are willing to owe *me* such a debt."

"I am willing," murmured Mollie, very softly, after a moment's hesitation.

Tom went to bed that night in a glow of triumph. He forgot that haunting demon of his—his luck. Though he had not had an opportunity for another word, Mollie's look spoke more than many words. But his triumph was short-lived. Mollie had taken fright, and retreated behind her intrenchments. She was hardly to be seen, and not to be spoken with, alone. She was not angry. When she did lift her eyes to his they were kind eyes, though very shy. But then she would hardly look at him. Some gulf had suddenly yawned between them; and though she was merry and friendly with every one else, she kept him on the other side of it. They—the whole company—went on a walking-tour, and Mollie would not even give him her hand when they crossed the brooks, and was mum whenever he approached. And Tom, who knew nothing about women, fell behind, full of wrath and consternation, to pour his complaints in Dayton's ear.

"I believe she hates me for saving her life," he said, despairingly. "Before, she was civil; now, she won't look at me."

"It strikes me that is not a bad symptom," said Dayton, smiling, "though we shall hardly be able to discuss the question, for here she comes after us."

"Here!" Tom turned sharply, and Mollie, who was close behind him, looked greatly disconcerted.

"Mamma sent me," she explained. "We have found a house—such a strange place! and there is a man in it alone, and so ill! Mamma said, Mr. Du Cœur, that you were a doctor, and would know what was the matter, and I came because Mrs. Slap Derrick was afraid to let Mr. Bingham leave her."

"She is afraid lest I should misconstrue even this small favor," thought Tom, bitterly. "She wishes me to know that she came because she could not help herself."

And he walked beside her, looking so grim that Mollie, who had intended to bring about a better understanding, lost heart, and walked in silence also. So they reached the old house, where the rest of the party were waiting for them—a ruinous old building, with a general air of sullen wretchedness brooding over it. The man of whom Mollie had spoken lay within in a stifling den, destitute even of a window; matted, begrimed, raving, and horrible to look at, as dimly seen in the dark bedroom. Tom made a brief examination, and came out to the expectant party, carefully shutting the door after him.

"Well, what is it?" said every body together.

"Malignant small-pox," answered Tom, coolly.

"Good Heavens!"

It was Bingham who exclaimed, shrinking back as he spoke from Tom's near neighborhood. "Why, we have been here long enough to contract the disease. Aunt! Miss Mollie! pray let me persuade you to come away."

"Thank you," returned the younger lady, without stirring, and still looking at Tom. "But what are *you* going to do, Mr. Du Cœur?"

"Stay here," said Tom.

"In this dreadful den?"

Tom's face lighted up.

"In this dreadful den a man is dying for want of the commonest care; and I know the people of this country. Neither man nor woman could be hired to act as his nurse or argued out of their fears. I have no such fears, and it is my duty as a physician."

Mollie cast an appealing look at Mrs. Slap Derrick.

"But how can you live, Mr. Du Cœur?"

"He *can not* live! Tom, I will not allow it!" exclaimed his aunt.

"I think you would not wish me to leave any human being to a dog's death," answered Tom, resolutely. "And for living, you and Miss Mollie will send me a basket of—well, the delicacies of the season, and such medicines as I shall order, every day, and Dayton will leave it outside the door."

Mollie came close to him, with the look that she had worn when she had thanked him for her life.

"You are a hero!" she said. "A real hero! and a truly brave man! I never respected a man in my life as I do you, Mr. Du Cœur. And whatever I can do to help you shall be done."

The next moment she was shocked and scandalized at herself, and turned hastily away; but she could not take back her words. And Tom lived on them through all the weary weeks that were to come. His star was in the ascendant now, and Bingham's luck paled before it. He was not only Mollie's hero, but every body's hero. The packing of his basket was the event of the day. In vain he protested that it was a basket for a garrison or a hospital. The ladies had a theory that the more of a good thing the better, and sent him every thing on which they could get their unscrupulous little fingers. Mollie's contribution was always by itself, in a dish covered with leaves, and a bouquet attached, or what Tom valued more, a note, reading something like this:

"*Mr. Du Cœur:*

"DEAR SIR,—How is your gorilla? and are you sure you are quite well? And your aunt, Mrs. Slap Derrick, wishes you would write. Mr. Dayton is so unsatisfactory. He never will say any thing but that you are 'jolly,' or 'living like bricks,' or something of that sort. M. MILLER."

And though this may not be a model note in style, and certainly was written in a school-girl hand, "M. Miller" herself, not the least exacting of persons, would have been satisfied with the reception that Tom gave it, though he never answered, for fear of sending them small-pox in an envelope, during his whole six weeks of trial.

But the weeks themselves were done at last: Tom's gorilla restored—no great benefit to society in that. He was but a poor, drunken creature at his best, and Tom came back gaunt and pale. Mollie, who had been most anxious for his coming, when he did come turned shy. She was only brave on impulse; and now he was close by her he looked formidable. She looked down, and could not find a word to say for herself. She wished that she had never called him a hero, never written him any notes. Tom grew desperate, and spoke out:

"I wish that I was back again with the gorilla."

"Why?" asked Mollie, with a little start.

"Because then you were kind to me. Now you seem to hate me."

"I am sure I do not hate you," answered Mollie, raising her eyes to his; and the eyes said so much that Tom grew bolder.

"But I am not satisfied with that, Mollie. I want you to love me."

Mollie looked up at him quickly, and looked down as quickly, and tried to get away the hand that he had taken; and failing, dropped her head on his shoulder.

"My darling," murmured Tom, in a rapture.

"What!" cried a high voice that made them both start. "Mary Miller! I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself."

Mrs. Miller had come upon them unawares. Mollie uttered a faint shriek. Tom put his arm quietly about her waist, and explained that he wished to marry her daughter.

Mrs. Miller, being in a towering rage at the downfall of her designs on the Slap Derrick diamonds, retorted with something about "beggarly scape-graces."

"And why beggarly?" inquired another shrill voice, Mrs. Slap Derrick coming in in great wrath. "Let me tell you, Madam, that Tom Du Cœur will succeed to three-fourths of the Slap Derrick estate; and Mrs. Tom Du Cœur will wear the Slap Derrick diamonds."

Of course in half an hour every body in the house knew just what Mrs. Miller had said, and Mrs. Slap Derrick had said; and Dayton came, beaming, to congratulate Tom.

Tom smiled faintly.

"Pluck has done its work. It is time for my luck, Dayton."

"Stuff!" said Dayton, much vexed.

In the morning Tom was ill. By night he was worse.

"Cold and fatigue," said the sanguine. "Small-pox," hinted the foreboding. "Typhoid," pronounced Dayton.

Typhoid it was. Doctors were brought, and doctors from the first shook their heads. Generally that is as good for the patient as if Death himself had nodded at him. But I really think that Dr. Wiseacre's hems and haws may be said to have saved Tom's life. Fate must always drive him into a corner, to make him stand at bay. He kindled, as he had done before, at the apparent desperation of his prospects, and vowed that he would get up.

Every body set up a shout of horror. Tom persisted.

"I am convinced," said he, "that it is not typhoid—nothing more than cold, watching, and my luck making a last attempt to trip me; and I am not going to be tripped by it; so you need not look at me as if I was marked for Paradise per Death's express. I shall not stay in bed, Aunt Slap Derrick, and I will not be doctored, Mrs. Miller; and ladies, I really beg your pardon, but I am going now to make my toilet."

The last hint was irresistible, and Tom's well-wishers retired, leaving him the field. Every body prophesied, by way of revenge, that he was a dead man; but Tom only laughed at them, and got well under their very noses. After that he was set up as an oracle, as well as a hero, and ruled every body, married Mollie, and is considered by that lady and Mrs. Slap Derrick, to this day, as a paragon of men—all thanks to pluck!

LINCOLN AND THE PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION.

[*Extract from Vol. II. of* DR. DRAPER'S *History of the American Civil War, published by* HARPER & BROTHERS.]

A DEPRECIATED currency, heavy and steadily increasing taxation, the terrors of a coming military draft, the clamor of the peace party, and, above all, a profound disappointment in the result of McClellan's campaign, weighed heavily on the spirit of the nation. More and more clearly was the stern alternative presented to it—emancipation of the Slave, or destruction of the Republic.

There is reason to suppose that when Lincoln saw the wreck of McClellan's expedition coming back from the Peninsula, he made up his mind. To repair the dreadful losses of that and Pope's campaign, a vast number of men must be raised. He reflected that the balance would be equally made to incline by putting white men in one scale, or by taking black men out of the other. During that summer he had read at a cabinet meeting a draft of a proclamation of emancipation. The Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, though completely approving of its character, thought the time inopportune, and that, instead of coming after a disaster, it ought to come after a victory. In this, on consideration, Lincoln agreed. The time for such a proclamation was not when Lee was in view of Washington, and the expulsion of the national authorities from the Capitol itself by no means an improbability. There was a day on which it seemed more likely that the Confederacy would dictate terms than have to submit to them—a day on which it would have been absurd, indeed, for the vanquished President to tell his antagonists, flushed with victory, that he was going to free their slaves.

"I made a solemn vow before God," said Lincoln, subsequently, "that if General Lee was driven back from Maryland, I would crown the result by a declaration of freedom to the slaves."

The battle of Antietam was fought, and Lee, driven across the Potomac, retreated into Virginia on the night of the 19th of September. The losses of the South in this sortie had been awful. Mourning was sitting in black at every Southern fireside. And now Lincoln remembered the vow he had made. "Whatever shall appear to be God's will, that I will do."

"I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me." Such was his solemn declaration a short time before his death. He added, "The condition of the nation is not what any party or any man expected or devised." With that religious feeling which seemed to possess him more and more thoroughly as he approached his end, he affirmed, "It is the work of God." Sincerely believing that God not only reigns, but governs, he saw, in the events transpiring before him, that there was something more than the wishes and will of man. In every phase of the conflict he perceived the arbitrament of a Higher Power. Not as a delusion of fancy, but as a reality, he recognized the dread alternative presented to his nation—do justice or die. To his surrounding friends he pointed out that, though the North was pouring forth her blood like water, and squandering treasuries of money, success was denied. The rebukes he had given to Fremont and Hunter had been confronted by the horrible catastrophe of the Chickahominy, and by the repulse of Pope into the fortifications of Washington. Once more a day of grace had been granted at Antietam, but that only half regarded, the stern summons had been again renewed from the cannon that were permitted to sweep off fourteen thousand men at Marye's Hill, and hurl Burnside's army across the Rappahannock. "What am I," said Lincoln, "that I should contest the will of God?"

From the rivers of Virginia to the Mexican confines of the Republic arose a mournful wail—How long, O Lord! how long! It came from the weary laborer, leaning on his hoe in the cotton-field under the noontide sun—it came through the moaning midnight forests, solemn and clear above their multitudinous inarticulate sounds—it came from children torn from their parents, from wives and husbands parted at the auction block, from mothers in despair, from strong men fainting under the lash, from the aged whose heads were frosted by time. In their quaint prayers the Africans talk to God as a man talks face to face with his friend. Slavery had made HIM their friend. By the flickering fires of their cabins they stealthily spelt out the Bible to see what HE had promised to them. It was their dreadful lot that had caused Jefferson, himself a slave-owner, to expostulate solemnly with his countrymen, and to deprecate the wrath of God. For who shall escape when from the hand of Eternal Justice her scales have dropped as useless—when from her brow the bandage has been raised that her uncovered and angry eyes may gaze upon unutterable wrong—when her uplifted arm, quivering with indignation, is ready to strike a blow that shall make a whole continent tremble?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE general belief that August is a hotter month than July is not sustained by facts. The average temperature during August for the last forty years has not exceeded 85 degrees, according to reliable records; while the average heat of July during the same period has been about 87 degrees. During the heated term in July last the thermometer is said to have risen higher than for fourteen years. The great diversity in reports respecting the position of the mercury is due to a variety of local circumstances. Of course every body agrees that the thermometer should be in the *shade;* but many other influences besides the direct rays of the sun will cause the mercury to rise. And in a hot day every body experiences a certain sort of satisfaction in ascertaining how high the thermometer will run in the particular place where he himself is obliged to spend his time. Then he knows exactly how uncomfortable he feels.

According to the report of the Registrar of Vital Statistics 1142 persons died in New York city during the week ending July 18, the third week of excessive heat. As usual, the overcrowded and filthy portions of the city suffered the most; and the mortality among children under five years of age was very great.

A correspondent of the Hartford *Evening Post* says of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency: "Seymour was born on Pompey Hill, near Syracuse, a village distinguished for a massacre of Spanish and French by the Indians as far back as 1669, and for the discovery of a stone there, now in the Albany museum, bearing the date of Leo X., year 1520. When posterity digs up the Democratic party and ascertains its principles it will conclude that it flourished about the year 1520, and that this is its tombstone."

A new reservoir has been completed at Worcester, called the "Hunt Reservoir," and the water has been let into it. The main reservoir is over three hundred feet higher than the city, and the pressure of water is too great for safety or economy, so that the Hunt Reservoir was needed to regulate the flow of water. It has a capacity of about two million of gallons.

In times past it has been considered impossible to combine lead chemically with zinc; but the discovery has been made, within the last two years, that the chemical combination can be made. This discovery is destined to make a great change in the foreign and domestic white-lead trade. Manufactories have been established, and this new pigment has been introduced into the market. It promises to be very durable for both outside and inside work, grows whiter, does not crack or peel, and resists the action of weather and water.

It is stated that matrimonial insurances are soon to go into operation. It will insure men against getting bad wives and women against getting bad husbands.

The Gettysburgh Katalysine water is gaining quite a reputation, and remarkable cures are reported.

The special luxury at St. Albans, Vermont, is said to be fricasseed frogs. They are done up in fine style to please the palate of lovers of such delicacies.

A novel philanthropic enterprise has been undertaken by a number of wealthy gentlemen of this city to aid the industrious poor, who desire cleanly abodes, pure air, and suitable instruction for themselves and families. A farm has been purchased of more than 400 acres in extent, on Long Island, and lying immediately on the water line in Suffolk County, about six miles east of Northport and about forty-five miles from the city of New York, which, it is considered, possesses great advantages for the object in view. About seven-eighths of this land is believed to have a good arable soil—the remainder is woodland, and the locality is beautifully diversified with hill and plain, and has many well-protected building sites. Various buildings are in process of erection; the farm is moderately stocked, and suitable persons are in charge of it. The hope is that soon employment may be given to as many persons as it will be found expedient to collect in that particular locality. Schools will be organized and a church established. The name given to the settlement is St. Johnland, and Rev. Dr. W. A. Muhlenberg is for the present proprietor.

The report is that the city of Buffalo has to pay over $20,000 damages to St. John's Church, caused by fire kindled by fire-works. A rather expensive "exhibition piece."

Remedies, real or supposed, for hydrophobia, are given to the public in abundance at this season. One philanthropic individual is so certain that he has the means of preventing any serious results from "bites" that he offers to let any mad dogs try their teeth upon him. This man says he has been bitten several times by rabid animals, and always cured himself by making a strong salt pickle, rubbing the wound with it for an hour, and then binding an additional quantity of salt on it.

Babies are fashionable in Paris, and good-looking, nicely-dressed infants are let out at four dollars an hour.

A new invention is announced, called a "Speaker-extinguisher." It is especially designed for public conventions, dinners, etc., but will doubtless become so popular that it will be needful to introduce it into churches. The "extinguisher" consists of "a large sheet-iron cone, which fits into a grooved plate. The plate is fixed on the floor, and the cone fastened above by a chain of sufficient length to admit of its descending to the groove. It is so arranged that at the end of five minutes it falls, and becomes almost air-tight. Every speaker is required to stand upon the plate, and informed of the time he can employ. If he exceeds five minutes the cone falls and shuts the fellow under, so that he can't extricate himself or be heard."

Binghamton, New York, is a handsome city, and one in which a great deal of business is done. But the chief interest of the place centres in the State Inebriate Asylum, which is prominently located on a high hill, and is a very elegant building of white stone. It has not far from ninety inmates, many of them talented men. Quite an interesting course of lectures was sustained last winter wholly by the inmates of the asylum, for almost every class and profession is represented there, and there are many literary men who, when in a right state of mind and body, are eloquent speakers.

New York and other large cities are anathematized as being dens of crime and rascality. The dwellers in cities are depraved enough, no doubt; but it is reliably stated that full seventy-five per cent. of the crime committed in the largest cities is by non-residents, and that the most objectionable places of amusement and sin subsist chiefly on patronage from the rural districts. This fact should not be overlooked by those who regard New York as a modern Sodom, and question whether there is any thing good in it.

About 1500 buildings have been erected in Washington during the past year. Before the rebellion the population of this city numbered about 65,900; now it is said to have a population of 130,000, including the suburb of Georgetown.

It is estimated that about 500,000,000 lead pencils are used every year. In Germany, where the pencil trade is most flourishing, there are several manufactories, the largest of which is at Stein, kept by the Faber Brothers. It is a family business with them, their father and grandfather having been engaged in it before them, and has been carried on until the name of Faber, as a pencil maker, is renowned. There are several manufactories in this country, where nearly all the work is done by machinery; but in Germany the pencils are mostly made by hand.

Perhaps one of the most novel applications of electricity has been made by Robert Houdin, who lives in the village of Saint Gervais, a short distance from the city of Blois, in France. A visitor presenting himself before the door sees a gilt plate bearing the name of Robert Houdin, below which is a small gilt knocker. He raises this, and no matter how feeble the blow, a delicately tuned chime of bells, sounding through the mansion, announces his presence. When the attendant touches a button placed in the hall the chime ceases, the bolt at the entrance is thrown back, the name of Robert Houdin disappears from the door, and in its place appears the word "entrez" in white enamel. The visitor pushes open the door and enters; it closes with a spring behind him, and he can not depart without permission. By a certain number of chimes which are sounded the number of visitors is announced. When a carriage arrives at the gate, the movement of the gate is announced at the house. The letter-box, too, has an electric communication with the house. The carrier, previously instructed, drops in first all the printed matter together; then he adds the letters, one by one. Each addition sounds the chime. And when he is desired to take away letters for mailing, another chime, of a special nature, warns him that they are ready. An electric current regulates the time throughout the house, Mr. Houdin's study clock being the standard. Every morning this clock sends, at different hours, electric impulses to awaken three persons. But in addition, the apparatus forces them to rise, by continuing to sound until the circuit is broken by moving a small key placed at the further end of the room. To do this the sleeper must rise, and then the object sought is accomplished. The temperature of the green-house is also recorded by electricity, so that the gardener can not neglect his duties without his master knowing all about it; and he evidently regards Houdin as a sorcerer.

There are several American sculptors who have taken up their residence in Florence. Powers, indeed, has become, as it were, a part of Florence. His studio comprises five or six large halls, in which a dozen skilled workmen are constantly employed. The cast of his busts and statues, and the repetitions in marble which are being wrought out, form a tolerably complete gallery of his labors as a sculptor. One of his most recent works represents a tall, beautiful Indian woman as in the act of running, but with a weariness of body and limb which indicates that the end of her flight is near. Her head is turned to one side, as if listening to the sound of pursuit. The face expresses both fear and pain, not sharp and desperate, but dulled by the knowledge of an inevitable fate.

Since he first came to Florence, in 1838, Powers has made fully five hundred portrait busts, besides a number of ideal works, all of which have been repeated. The bust of Proserpine, for instance, enjoys such a remarkable popularity that it has been reproduced in marble more than *eighty* times.

It is said that there are more than one hundred and fifty manufactories of India rubber articles in America and Europe, each employing from three to five hundred operatives, and consuming more than ten millions of pounds of gum per annum. Yet the business is considered in its infancy; certainly it is increasing. Nevertheless, there is no probability of the demand for material exceeding the supply. The belt of land around the globe, five hundred miles each side of the Equator, abounds in gum-producing trees; and they can be tapped, it is said, for twenty successive seasons. Forty-three thousand of these trees have been counted in a tract of country thirty miles long and eight wide. Each tree yields about three table-spoonfuls daily, but the trees are so close together that a man can gather the sap of eighty in a day.

The discovery of the virtues of coffee as a beverage is ascribed to the superior of a monastery in Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, having heard the shepherds of the country say that they observed their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of the plant. Its reputation spread through the adjacent countries, and in about two hundred years it had reached Paris. A single plant brought there in 1714 became the parent stock of the French coffee plantations in the West Indies. The Dutch introduced it into Java and the East Indies, and the French and Spanish all over South America and the West Indies.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

VERY ALARMING.—The Waterford *Mail* says the intense heat in that part of Ireland has created quite a frenzy among the cattle, who are rushing about the country, half mad, in all directions. An excited mob of British Bulls is bad enough; but think of a stampede of frantic Irish Bulls! Perhaps they are all moving toward Rome, to be canonized into Papal Bulls. Nothing more crazy can well be imagined.

An Irishman wants to save four thousand dollars. He is in doubt whether to save $200 a year for twenty years, or $20 for two hundred years.

We do not wish to make young people during their courtship unhappy, but who was it said, "Love makes Time fly: then Time makes Love fly?" Surely a Frenchman.

A well-dressed and rather pompous youth asked a young lady who was reading in the cars, "Is that seat engaged, Madam?"

The answer was direct: "Yes, Sir, and I am engaged too!" and the lady resumed her reading.

A suppressed titter from some ladies close by caused the young gentleman to make his exit.

CHANGE OF RELIGION.—During the dog-days Mayor Hoffman has become a *Muzzle*-man.

THE DEMOCRATIC CHERUB HAS NOTHING TO STAND ON.

QUITE RIGHT.—The gentleman who, a week or two back, "*spoke against time*" at a public meeting, has been obliged to apologize!

A "LIGHT EMPLOYMENT"—Candle-making.

"Pa, is Pennsylvania the father of all the other States?"

"Certainly not, my child; why did you ask that question?"

"'Cause I see all the newspapers call it Pa."

The gentleman whose "back was *turned*" when we last saw him, writes to tell us that he has received no benefit from the operation—as *yet!*

"Ah!" said a mischievous wag to a lady acquaintance of an aristocratic cast, "I perceive you have been learning a trade."

"Learning a trade?" replied the lady, indignantly; "you are very much mistaken."

"Oh, I thought by the looks of your cheeks you had turned painter."

The lady waxed wrathy, and the wag vamosed.

HOW TO SLEEP IN CHURCH.

Assuming that it is a duty, let us consider the manner of performing it. Like all other Christian practices, there ought to be uniformity in the manner.

1. It is an improper manner of performing this duty to nod, and for the plain reason that the worshiper attracts too much attention. We are every where taught to avoid ostentatious display in our worship. The Pharisees were condemned for praying at corners of the street, that they might be seen of men. On the same principle the nodding worshiper is condemned, for he is making too public a display of his devotions.

2. Nor is it proper to snore in the performance of this duty—partly for the foregoing reasons; but mainly because it is a direct infraction of the golden rule. Suppose, for instance, that your next-door neighbor is asleep; by your snoring he will be disturbed, probably awakened. This is not doing unto others as you would they should do to you.

3. It is wrong to injure one's health while offering worship; and all physicians admit that to sleep with the head thrown back and the mouth wide open is liable to produce sore throat and hoarseness. Besides, flies sometimes get into the mouth on such occasions, and by their injurious explorations tickle the delicate membranes and cause horrible sternutations and coughing, which is very injurious to health.

4. To sleep with head resting on the arms of the worshiper and the face buried up in the cuffs of the coat, is the most improper way of offering a sleep worship. First, because it is also injurious to health, and, mainly, because it is a direct violation of the Scriptures, which command us to let our light so shine that men may profit by our example. In this case it is impossible to know whether the Christian worshiper is asleep or awake. It is a positive case of lukewarmness—neither the one thing nor the other.

An officer who was inspecting his company one morning spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimed.

"Patrick O'Flinn," called out the captain.

"Here, yer Honor!" promptly responded Patrick, with hand to his cap.

"How long do you wear a shirt?" thundered the officer.

"*Twenty-eight inches long,*" was the rejoinder.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

The baker and his customer
A kindred nature show;
The latter needs the "staff of life,"
The former *kneads* the dough!

If "a pin a day is a groat a year," as the proverb has it, what will ten-pins every day bring a man to?—To the bowling-alley, we suppose.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST—A hen setting on wooden eggs.

TO REFORMERS.—The man who would "mend the age," must put a "stitch in time."

WEATHER-WISE.—Always be particular in observing where the wind drops; you may be called on to raise it at a moment's notice.

The Democratic Party nails its flag to the mast of a vanquished ship, and goes down with shouts of defiance.

IN THE BOWERY.

IN BROADWAY.

"UP AMONG THE NINETIES." —[See Page 521.]

"THE VILLAGE DÉPOT."—From a Painting by E. L. Henry.—[Photographed by Rockwood, 889 Broadway.]

"UP AMONG THE NINETIES."

He was a very sensible, as well as witty and devout man, who, during the late "torrid term" in this city, thanked Heaven that it *was* a *term*, and found its natural limit at last. It was, alas! the unnatural limit to many lives. That terrible July week of hot days and suffocating nights will be long remembered by its mortality rate. Nothing like it has been known in a quarter of a century—the rate of deaths from sun-stroke was greater than that of the cholera; the city mortality usual to the season was more than doubled; and the deaths from heat were twice as great as was ever known, except in the year 1866, and was considerably greater than in that year. The fatal heat—the close atmosphere—penetrated every where, and all classes were affected by it; and sun-strokes were as frequent within doors as in the open air.

We gave lately a full account of the horrible scenes at the Morgue and the hospitals. They were not the only places affected by the consequences of the heat, but the public places of amusement and the churches were deserted; the streets were promenaded by gentlemen in their shirt-sleeves; the cooler spots were crowded to suffocation; the residents of Fifth Avenue stole a lesson from the denizens of the Five Points, and made evening lounging-places and even bedrooms of their house-tops. One of our artists (probably struck by an idea rather than the sun, and drawing inspiration rather than disease from the heat-poisoned atmosphere) has happily illustrated the "torrid term" in our engraving on page 500, from another and more pleasant point of view than that which we adopted last week. The picture at the same time presents most admirably the contrast existing between Broadway and the Bowery, those two great arteries of the city, filled almost to bursting with such different blood. Every citizen of New York will recognize instantly the accuracy of the picture; nothing could more clearly convey to the minds of the thousands of distant readers, who are always wishing to know more about New York, the vast difference between the two great streets, and the two great classes of the metropolis. Each scene is a very frequent one; but you never see the Broadway character in the Bowery, and the Bowery waifs do not deign to lunch on Broadway. The elegant saloon and the stylish dresses are never seen in the Bowery, and, thanks in part to an efficient police, the nuisances of street eating-counters are not often found on Broadway.

THE MARYLAND FLOOD.

Additional particulars of the Maryland flood indicate that the disaster was much more serious, both to life and property, than was at first supposed. We give on page 517 several illustrations of the scenes at Baltimore and Ellicott City which, with those presented last week, will give the reader an idea of the horrors of the flood.

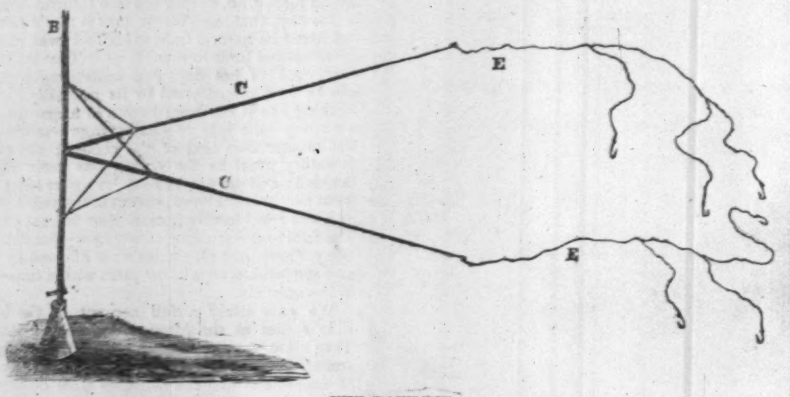
Our first engraving shows the scene on Jones's Falls at Hillen Street, Baltimore, on the second evening after the subsidence of the flood. The drawing was taken from just above Hillen Street, looking down Jones's Falls, as the usually narrow and shallow stream is called, toward the accumulated débris of the flood at the bridge across Gay Street.

The engraving at the bottom of the same page represents the scene at the same time on Harrison Street, through which, it will be remembered, the water ran in great fury. At the time the sketch was made order had been restored, but such order was never seen before. The streets were filled with broken and muddy furniture, the awnings were hung with grass, drift-wood, and various other substances which had floated down with the angry tide; the cellars of the houses were filled with water; the basement floors were uninhabitable, and the residents were confined to their upper chambers.

The other illustration shows the scene of the greatest destruction, at Ellicott City. It was on the east bank of the river that the flood was most destructive. The greater part of the buildings destroyed were there situated, and all the persons whose lives were lost were dwellers in this ill-fated section. So complete is the destruction on that side that those entering the town in that direction scarcely recognize it as once forming a material part of the flourishing city. In all thirty-two buildings were swept away, thirty of which were dwellings, and the lives of forty-three persons are known to have been lost. The entire row of houses between the turnpike bridge and the Patapsco Mills were all swept away. The most of the persons whose lives were lost were occupants of houses in this row.

The Granite cotton-mill, belonging to Benjamin Deford, of Baltimore, an immense structure, erected in the most substantial manner at a cost of $50,000, was among the most valuable buildings destroyed. The ruins of this mill are shown on the left of our engraving. All the employés in the factory escaped, except Mathias M'Cauley, an old man, employed as a cloth-packer, who perished with the building.

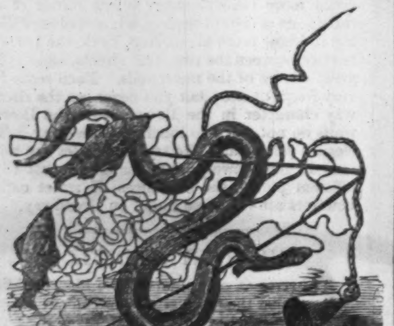
Next in point of loss was that sustained by the Patapsco flour-mills. Charles A. Gambrill's lower flour-mill was entirely swept away, there being scarcely a vestige left to mark where it stood. William Stell and another man, William Snyder, were in the mill at the time, and with its ruins were carried down the stream. Stell was subsequently rescued at the Relay House, six miles below. His body was badly cut and bruised by coming in contact with the floating débris. The upper mill was also materially damaged, the northwest corner being washed out, and all the machinery on the lower floor, together with a large quantity of flour, etc., carried away. The bridge belonging to the mills across the Patapsco, connecting with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was swept away.



THE BOWLINE.

PERCH FISHING AND STURGEON CATCHING.

IT was a hot day in July. We were going to fish for perch in the Delaware—that sport of which the ladies are so fond—and the plan we had determined on was one we had often followed with success. There are various methods of fishing for perch, but the one most in vogue in our neighborhood was to use the "bowline" from a boat. As all our readers may not be familiar with this piscatorial instrument as illustrated above we will describe it. A is a "dipsy lead," weighing nearly a pound. B is a stout cord, held in the hand of the fisherman. C C are slender rods of whalebone, to the extremities of which are fastened long catgut snoods, E E, holding two or three hooks each. Upon the delicate elasticity of the "bow" (as the whalebones are called), much of the success of the fisherman depends. Sometimes the bows are in one piece and bent at an angle of about 90°, but are often in two parts, each about fifteen inches long, and joined at the angle for convenience in carrying. The bow is supported and steadied above and below, as is shown in the drawing, and should hang, almost horizontally, about ten inches above the lead. The tide, carrying out the snoods and hooks, causes them to float near the bottom of the river, and at such a distance from the rest of the apparatus that the fish are not led to suspect the existence of deception; while the whole arrangement, in a well made bowline, is such that the slightest nibble will be felt by the forefinger of the fisherman. Frequently six fish will be hauled up at a time, as often as the line can be baited and lowered. Now there is no doubt that to pull up a perch on several or each of the hooks is very pleasant and encouraging, but if one of the fish happens to be an eel the case is widely different, and it must be got off the line quickly and decisively, or such a "mess" will ensue as may put an end to one's fishing for an hour. The appearance of a line, if an eel is not instantly removed, is something like that in the cut. Add to the trouble of disentanglement the fact that every thing is covered with slime from the body of the unfortunate *anguilla*, and the comfort of the situation can be imagined. A heavy knife or small hatchet is very useful when the eel can not be detached by the dextrous jerk known to experienced fishermen. As to the bait there are various kinds in use. Shad roe is excellent, but only useful when the biting is very lively, for it easily washes off the hook. Sturgeon roe is also used, and various other matters, but for general fishing nothing is more reliable for perch than dung-worms. They are found in barn-yards, in moist places, and should be red, with yellow rings, and very lively. Common earthworms may answer to cover the hook when there is nothing else, but they are chiefly affected by those fish that are found on muddy bottoms. The place where the boat should be anchored is of the greatest importance. Perch are generally found upon sand "bars," where the water is not much over ten feet deep at high tide, and the fishermen are very careful to get over the exact spot where they know the fish are generally to be found. After the boat is quietly anchored, those who know the most take their seats in the stern, which is by far the best place for successful sport. We have seen a man in the stern catching fish as fast as he could haul them up, while another, comfortably seated in the bow, had scarcely ever a nibble. The reason is plain, for the further from the boat the lines are the more likely the fish are to approach them; and those from the bow are carried under the boat, while those from the stern are floated out some distance by the tide, which is generally strong enough to carry the lead eight or ten feet before it touches bottom. We have been out with amateurs who sneered at the efforts of more experienced men to find the right spot at which to anchor. "Here is the river, and the fish are in it," said they. "Let's anchor any where and go to work." But they knew but little of the habits of the fish they were after, being aware that they had the bad taste to lunch on worms, and often came to grief in consequence of indulging their appetites. While over a sandbank, at the right depth of water and phase of tide, perch may be caught in abundance, so at a few yards' distance, among reeds, weeds, and mud, there will be nothing but eels and a few cat-fish (which latter, however, are well worth catching). The position illustrated below is not uncommon. As may be easily deduced, it is better to anchor a little above the bank if the tide is strong.



A MESS.

The best time for perch-fishing is during the ebb-tide. In the flood and high tides they may be taken near shore, among the spatterdocks, with pole and cork-line. It is generally understood that the earlier in the morning the tide begins to ebb the better the sport.

THE STURGEON.

We will not now describe how we reached the proper place, how we anchored and fished, and what moderate luck we had. These things we must merely mention, and proceed to tell how that about three o'clock we concluded, as the tide was no longer suitable, to go up a creek on the other side of the river and try for cat-fish.

ANCHORING ANY WHERE.

With this intention we pulled up the anchor and rowed leisurely toward the Pennsylvania shore. When we were about a quarter of a mile from the shore, and pulling gently at the aft oar, we saw rise swiftly up from the depths, ten feet into the air, and but half an oar's length distant, a great, white, shining apparition! In another instant a great sturgeon fell into the boat! Seven feet long he was, and terribly frightened; and he tossed and rolled and lashed his tail, so that had we been in a light boat we should certainly have been introduced into the sturgeon's element almost as quickly as he was into ours. But the stout fishing-boat was wide enough and strong enough to hold a raging sturgeon; and so it held him safely, and he raged in vain. For an instant we sat in silence. The surprise and fright was so sudden that we only stared at the great fish, which, now having wedged his head under the seat, began to lash his tail and body about in a fearful manner. From their position in the stern two of the party were in imminent danger of being knocked overboard every time that immense tail swept by them, which it did at about the rate of thirty times a minute. Crowding back as far as they could get themselves, they held up their feet so as to be out of the arc described by the sturgeon's tail. We soon began to feel the necessity of acting, for we expected every moment that, with his body for a lever and his head as the fulcrum, the sturgeon would wrench off the seat under which he was endeavoring to squeeze himself, and thus injure the boat. As their position prevented action, those in the stern could only shout "Knock him in the head!" Another—a novice—hastily put on his coat, and seizing his basket, seemed to be actuated by the intention of getting out and going immediately home. However, he stopped, and, apparently changing his mind, sat down again, still tightly grasping his effects.

Therefore it was that the man in the bow was the only one on whom we could rely. He was ready for any thing. "Take an oar and kill him!" we shouted; and seizing one, and striding across the boat, in front of the prostrate fish, he rapidly, and with all his might, began to ram the creature's head with the handle of the heavy oar, holding it nearly perpendicularly, so as to get the full effect. Most of the mighty blows struck fairly; but as the fish's head was rounded, and very slippery, those strokes which slid off came with their full force on the bottom of the boat. In about a minute he had a hole in the sturgeon's head and a crack in the bottom planks of the boat. When we saw the water coming in we shouted to him to stop. But no; his blood was up; the sturgeon was not yet dead; and until he was—whang! bang! crack! crash! In a few minutes the apertures in both the boat and the sturgeon's head were considerably enlarged; and perceiving that the fish was nearly dead, and that the boat was nearly swamped, the mighty rammer ceased his efforts.

As we had no time to spare, if we wished to reach the shore before the boat should fill with water, the gentlemen at the stern let down their feet and passed their disabled enemy; and four oars being manned, we ran the boat ashore at the mouth of the creek before she had time to swamp. There we hauled up, and examined into our condition. The boat and the sturgeon were the greatest sufferers. The latter, however, showed that he was not as easily defeated as we supposed; for on attempting to handle him he began to flounder about in such a way as to show that he had enough life in him to give us trouble yet, particularly as he seemed desirous of squeezing his way up toward the bow of the boat, where he would interfere with our rowing. However, we tied him to the seat in such a way as to keep him there for the short time he had to live; and then, after resting and congratulating ourselves upon our good luck in securing the fish, and escaping with so little damage, we concluded to row to our starting-place, which we thought could be done by keeping near shore and continuously bailing. It proved hard work, but we reached the tavern in safety, and astonished the inhabitants of the village by our extraordinary haul. By the time the great fish had had ropes attached to him and had been hauled on shore, and we had collected our lines, baskets, etc., the boat was filled with water up to her gunwales. The sturgeon measured several inches over seven feet in length, and was estimated to weigh, at the least, two hundred pounds.

Such adventures as this of ours are not of common occurrence, although more than fifty years ago the same thing happened to the writer's father and his brother, as they were rowing across the Delaware, about thirty miles above where we were fishing; but they did not secure the sturgeon, and the brother's arm was broken. The fishermen told us that though these fish very often sprang out of water, near their boats, they seemed perfectly able to avoid coming nearer than was safe for themselves and the boatmen; but our man asserted that they were so much worse of late years than they had been when he was young that he was afraid to go out alone, for he considered that they made entirely too close shaves in their gymnastic performances.

A GREAT SOLAR ECLIPSE.

ON the 17th of August, of this year (1868), there will occur the most remarkable solar eclipse that has taken place within historic times, or that will take place for many hundreds of years. A black shadow upward of 140 miles in diameter, surrounded by a penumbra 4000 miles wide, will sweep from the eastern parts of Africa across the Arabian Sea, the Indian peninsula, and the East Indian Archipelago—a distance of more than 8000 miles. The Royal and the Astronomical Societies of Great Britain have sent out expeditions, well supplied with telescopes, spectroscopes, polariscopes—in fact, with all the appliances of modern astronomical science—to take advantage of so favorable an opportunity for obtaining an answer to the interesting questions respecting solar physics which have been suggested by the phenomena of former eclipses. The Russian Government has sent an expedition to Aden, almost the nearest point at which the eclipse will be visible as a total one. The French Government sends out M. Jansen, the eminent observer, at the head of a well-appointed expedition. The Pope sends out Father Secchi. Mr. Pogson, the superintendent of the Government observatory at Madras, will also take part in the work of observing the eclipse. He has been supplied by Mr. Huggins, the eminent spectroscopist, with instruments for analyzing the light from the corona and the colored prominences. A particular interest is attached to the inquiry in consequence of the remarkable discoveries which have been made during the past few years by direct examination of the solar orb. The whirling motion of the solar spots; their strange periodicity; the singular association which exists between this periodicity and the periodicity of terrestrial magnetic variations; the suspected influence of the planets upon the solar atmosphere; these and many other singular discoveries await interpretation, and a strong impression prevails among astronomers that the solution of these problems will be hastened if the observations of the great eclipse should prove successful. Every thing seems favorable—the regularity of the Indian climate; the long range of inhabited country traversed by the shadow; the careful preparation which has been made for spectroscopic observation, and for taking photographic views of the phenomena presented during the totality. All these circumstances, and the exceptional character of the eclipse itself, combine to afford promise of interesting and important discoveries.

SHANNON'S MODEL.

IMMEDIATELY to the right of the space in the handsome galleries of the Academy of Design allotted to water-colors there has been, since the opening night of this Annual Exhibition, a large vacant space. The fact that the position is one of the best lighted in the room makes visitors, who are not wholly ignorant of the troubles of "hanging committees," wonder why it is not filled. Some of the invited guests, who were present on the opening night, and who remember the scene which occurred in front of the large painting catalogued "No. 123. Venus Rising from the Sea," which hung there for that single evening, may know why it hangs there no longer, and it may be they are aware of the romance connected therewith; but few even of these can have heard the particulars of the final dénouement of this singular family history. Hence I tell it.

In the spring of 1865 Mr. Thomas B. Shannon entered my study, and, throwing himself on the lounge with a fatigued air, exclaimed:

"Well, congratulate me!"

"On what?"

"Work is over, and I am ready at last for my two years' holiday."

"Your work is about to begin, I suppose you mean."

"No, no, I say. It is over, I tell you. Oh! you don't know, my dear fellow, the drudgery of talking commissions; the settlement of money-matters; the drawing up of terms; the closing of bargains with drafts and checks which I can't understand. Painting the pictures is nothing. That is the labor that physics all pain—the labor I delight in. Painting is pleasure."

But, to be more brief, Shannon explained that the commissions which he had sought had been obtained, and he was authorized to make one large equestrian portrait, two large paintings illustrative of mythological subjects, and several from sketches of war incidents and American scenery. Among them was one of "Venus Rising from the Sea," for Mr. Gideon L. Vanderwater of this city, a gentleman of culture and wealth, well known by the artists as a liberal patron, and admired by them as a sensible and critical connoisseur of the fine arts. The artist was very wisely left uninstructed in his treatment of the rather hackneyed theme; a handsome sum was named as the price of the picture, and the privilege of exhibiting it before its delivery to the purchaser was also claimed and granted.

It is not necessary to narrate at this point the incidents of Shannon's two and a half years' stay in Rome, or to notice in detail the result of his labors. Only one of the incidents of that residence, and only one of the pictures painted by him, have aught to do with this history. The incident will be mentioned in its proper place; the picture was the one ordered by Mr. Vanderwater, and which, as I have before stated, hung for a single night in the Academy of Design, New York, catalogued "No. 123. Venus Rising from the Sea. T. B. Shannon."

Unfortunately for me, as the narrator of this story, I did not arrive at the Academy of Design on the opening night of the Exhibition of 1868 until a late hour of the evening. I am compelled to give the facts of the occurrences on that evening from the statement made to me by Mr. Shannon.

The painting arrived from Europe but a few days before the opening of the Exhibition, and was hung immediately without being previously shown to Mr. Vanderwater. It was, therefore, only after being there displayed that Mr. Vanderwater saw it.

He entered the Academy on the evening in question in company with his sister and his youngest daughter, his wife and eldest daughter being at this time in Europe. Soon after entering the room he descried Mr. Shannon, and making his way through the crowd he arrested him

and welcomed him home again in very warm terms. At the end of the conversation Miss Vanderwater, taking Mr. Shannon's arm, joined with her father in begging the artist to guide them to the picture in which they were all interested—either as painter or purchaser. Shannon might have consistently declined in the mixed crowd present, all of whom could not know the circumstances of the case and the relations of the parties to himself as far as the picture was concerned, but having no false modesty, and caring little for the opinion of those of the crowd who did not know him, and not fearing that of those who did, he acted as the guide of Mr. Vanderwater and the ladies, and escorted them to the picture.

On first looking at the painting there came from Mr. Vanderwater and his fair companions simultaneous cries, not of admiration, but astonishment. Miss Vanderwater dropped the arm of the artist, and convulsively clasping that of her father, pointed nervously to the picture and whispered in his ear. His sister made similar movements, and a hurried exchange of whispers was had between the two ladies. Mr. Vanderwater passed his hands before his eyes, readjusting his eye-glasses as if fearful they had deceived him; and then, after a few seconds of observation of the picture, he turned full upon Mr. Shannon, who stood slightly in the back-ground. A number of the promenaders, attracted by the strange manner of Mr. Vanderwater and the ladies, had gathered near by, and now observed with evident interest the scene enacted before the picture.

At length Mr. Vanderwater spoke, addressing himself to Mr. Shannon in curt but still impassioned phrases, in which the emotion he felt was smothered but not concealed:

"The face of your Venus is not a conception of your own?" he asked.

Mr. Shannon did not answer.

"It is a portrait?" continued Mr. Vanderwater, still interrogatively.

Still Mr. Shannon did not answer. He afterward confessed to me that he was somewhat surprised by the questions.

"Come, Sir," continued Mr. Vanderwater, "you must answer. You had a model for that face—and figure."

"Yes," answered Shannon—"yes, I had a model."

"Who?"

"I beg pardon, Mr. Vanderwater; *that* you have no right to ask."

"But I do ask—I will know—I have a right."

"When you have proved the right I *may* answer the question."

"That is too easily proved, I fear. Here!" he exclaimed, seizing and opening a locket which hung around his daughter's neck, "do you see this? That is her portrait."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Shannon, looking at the face in the locket. "How came you by this?"

"It is the same then?"

"The same? yes. But how here—how came you with it?"

"Easily enough, Sir. The lady—your *model*, Sir," with a sneer and curl of his lip, "is my wife."

Before Shannon could speak Mr. Vanderwater turned, and said:

"You shall hear from me again." And full of rage the old man left the room, bearing the ladies on his arms, and endeavoring as best he could, but with little success, to conceal the emotion and excitement under which he was laboring.

Shannon was utterly dumfounded by the dénouement, and I found him on entering the Academy, ten minutes after this occasion, endeavoring to reconcile the conflicting facts. He at once informed me of the incident—the simultaneous recognition by Mr. Vanderwater, his sister and daughter, of the remarkable portrait, the statement of Mr. Vanderwater that the model was his wife; the possession by him of a photograph of the lady, and yet the impossibility of her being, as he had asserted, his wife.

He suddenly turned to me, and said:

"Has Mr. Vanderwater been twice married?"

"No," I answered.

"Then his wife, if the mother of the young lady I met this evening, is a woman of forty or more."

"About forty-two, I should say. She married young."

"Then it can not be her. But, pshaw! what am I thinking of? Of course she can not be *his* wife, as—"

He hesitated, and I asked,

"Why?"

"It's of no consequence. She is a young woman, not over nineteen."

"Did you explain this?"

"I had not time. He left me so abruptly."

"You can of course satisfy him that the lady is not his wife."

"I can at least *assure* him so, for I never saw Mrs. Vanderwater in my life."

"Yet she has been for a year past in Europe—the last winter in Rome."

"Singular, isn't it? Nevertheless, my model was not Mrs. Vanderwater."

"Who was she?"

"A young Italian girl whom I met *en route* to Florence in 1865, when I was going to Rome. She was alone—in trouble—evidently flying from some one. I protected her, and she accompanied me to Rome."

"Where you set her up in business as a model, and otherwise protected—"

"Stop, Harry; no jokes on that subject."

"I beg pardon, my boy, but—"

"I can tell you no more than this."

"Will that satisfy Vanderwater?"

"To tell you the truth, my dear fellow, I don't care whether it does or not. I shall explain no further."

On the following day I saw Mr. Vanderwater. I was not authorized by Shannon to do so, but I presumed on our long friendship—though somewhat cooled since his return from Rome, some other friend having won some of his affection—to act in his interest. Mr. Vanderwater gave me a warmer reception, on my announcing my business, than I had expected, and at once took me into his library.

"I had thought to send to you for Mr. Shannon's address," he said.

I named his hotel. He had usually stopped at my house; but on his return he had gone to a quiet hotel in the city, and had declined to make my house his home as usual.

"Thank you. I would prefer to communicate with him through you, if you are in any way authorized to act for him in the matter of our business arrangements."

"But I am not," I answered.

"Then, will you act for me? I am desirous of closing our agreement for this picture. I am ready to pay the balance due him, and will make him a liberal allowance in addition to the sum agreed on, if he will renounce the privilege of exhibiting it further."

"Under the circumstances, I can promise that he will consent to the removal; but he will decline any consideration for doing so."

"Thank you. Will you see him, give him this check—filling it up for the amount you can agree on as right, you acting for me—and obtain his consent to the withdrawal of the picture from the Academy?"

I did so. I saw Shannon, paid the balance, closed the account, and carried his transfer of the picture to Mr. Vanderwater.

The same day the picture was removed from the Academy, and passed into the hands of Mr. Vanderwater. What disposition was made of it at that time I do not know.

As we left the building Mr. Vanderwater requested me to go with him to his residence, as he had a second and more serious communication to make through me to Mr. Shannon. We got into a cross-town car, which was passing the Academy at the moment, and started for his house.

As we were making the sharp curve in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at Madison Square, I was suddenly roused from some meditations into which I had fallen by a sharp, nervous grasp of my arm. I turned in my seat. It was Vanderwater who had startled me. He was bent in his seat gazing fiercely through the low windows of the car, and pointing at an open carriage, which came from lower Fifth Avenue, and was crossing the square, going north. In it sat Shannon, and beside him a lady.

I recognized Mrs. Vanderwater!

Her husband, too, had seen her, but instead of springing from the car and pursuing the carriage, which was now passing rapidly through upper Fifth Avenue, he sat like one in a stupor. He did not speak a word, but sat like a statue in his place, and almost as white and cold. When we had reached the street on the car route nearest to his house we got out. He took my arm, but showed no other sign of emotion. We walked a block, and turned the corner nearest his house. We were surprised to find a carriage at the door, and the servants removing baggage from it into the house. He quickened his step, drawing me rapidly with him. As we entered the gate and were ascending the steps a slight scream was heard in the parlors, followed by a cry of "Papa! papa!" and there came bounding out to meet him a young girl still in her traveling-dress. She threw her arms around his neck. It was his daughter—the one who had been traveling in Europe with her mother. She smothered him with kisses, and he carried her, half fainting with joy, and amidst her convulsive sobs, into the parlor, whither I followed. Miss Vanderwater was there, and, seeing my natural embarrassment, she came up to me and told me the particulars of her sister's unexpected arrival. Her statement was interrupted by the father, who started up and asked, wildly,

"And your mother—where is she?"

"She remains in Europe," answered his daughter. "Oh! papa—"

"In Europe? Are you sure?"

"Yes, yes; but let me tell you all about it. Oh, papa! do you know ma thinks she has found Nellie?"

"Found Nellie!" exclaimed the father.

"Oh, it is so strange! When we were in Rome early this year the Consul there told ma of a lady who had lately been privately married to a friend of his, and who strangely resembled her; and the likeness was so remarkable that the Consul afterward frequently referred to it. One day he brought us her photograph; he told us that the lady and her husband had left Rome for Paris, and that he supposed there was no harm in showing us the photograph as confirmation of what he had said about the likeness. When he gave the photograph to mamma she just glanced at it and fainted away."

Mr. Vanderwater stared at his daughter in amazement.

"When she came to, which was in a few moments, she said to me, 'It is your sister, dear—I feel it is my lost baby.' The Consul did not know what it all meant, and I was too much agitated to tell him. When ma was sufficiently calmed she told him the story of how Nellie had been lost in Paris, fifteen years before, and how all search for her had been in vain. He at once became interested in the case, and set persons to work to trace up the gentleman and his wife. He said the gentleman had strong reasons for keeping the marriage a secret—that he wished to conceal Nellie's antecedents. Oh, papa, she has been a model for one of the artists in Rome"—and amidst her sobs the agitated young girl went on to explain that the Consul and Mrs. Vanderwater were in Paris, endeavoring to trace the couple whose names he would not divulge; while she, the daughter, had been hurried home to inform her father of the discovery.

Instantly the truth flashed upon both our minds—the father's and mine.

"Quick, quick!" he said to me. "You can catch them in the coach. Bring them here immediately!"

I needed no second bidding. I sprang into the coach, from which Miss Vanderwater's baggage had by this time been removed, and after a few words of direction to the driver I was soon whirling through the avenue in the direction of Central Park. It was only after passing as rapidly as the rules permitted through the lower part of the Park that I descried Shannon's carriage in the distance, near the Croton Reservoir, beyond the Ramble. I ordered the coachman to drive up to it, and hailing Shannon, I sprang out of my coach and went up to his. The lady drew her veil more closely about her face, and Shannon, rising in his seat, endeavored to interpose his body between her and me.

"Shannon, I know all," I said.

"Know all? What do you mean, my friend?"

"Let me talk to you in quiet—you and your wife," I said.

He sat down again—sank back, as it were, in his seat. I sprang into his coach, and ordered his driver to turn back. Shannon made no resistance; the lady simply grasped his arm and asked what it all meant?

"I hardly know, my dear," he said; "but there is no reason to be alarmed. I confess," he added, turning to me and smiling, "I am somewhat astonished."

I explained in a few words, so that the lady might understand as well as he, and wound up by telling him the suspicion of Mr. Vanderwater and myself that this was the lost Nellie.

On the way to Vanderwater's Nellie told her history as far as she herself knew it. Her early life had been spent in roaming about Europe; her parents—those she had known as such—were itinerant organ-grinders, who roamed about France and Germany and England. When she was ten years old they left her with a wine-grower in Italy, and she had labored in the vineyard. Subsequently, when older, she had fled from the harsh treatment which she had endured in the wine-grower's family, and in her flight she had encountered Shannon. He had taken her with him to Rome, educated her, and eventually had married her.

I shall not attempt to describe the scene when we entered the house. It is impossible to paint such painfully pathetic scenes without in some way detracting from their pathos and beauty. The reader's imagination can supply a better description.

The remarkable likeness was not the only proof of the relationship which was finally adduced. There was found in Mrs. Shannon's possession a locket, marked N. V., and containing a portrait on ivory of Mrs. Vanderwater at twenty, which proved a perfect picture of Nellie at her present age. The relationship was satisfactorily proved; Mrs. Vanderwater was summoned from Paris by telegraph; and those curious for proof of the truth of this strange statement will find her name in the list of the arrivals by the *Helvetia* on the 27th of June.

It is unnecessary, of course, to pursue this dénouement further; the reader must intuitively know that painting, painter, and model have become domiciled in the house of their owner and father.

JOSEPH G. COGSWELL, LL.D.,

LATE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

Next to the liberal donor of the Astor Library, the public of this city are indebted for its great advantages to the practical and educated Librarian who first systematized and arranged its one hundred thousand volumes. The donor, as is well known, was the late John Jacob Astor. The first Librarian of the institution was Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, whose portrait we give on page 524, accompanied by a brief statement of his quiet but not uneventful life. It is the story of a great success in a singular field of labor.

Dr. Cogswell from his earliest infancy evinced a great desire to obtain knowledge; he could read well enough at *three* years of age to be admitted to the public schools of his native town of Ipswich, Massachusetts; and he graduated at Harvard in 1802 at the early age of 19. Bad health induced him in the same year to embark in a ship bound to the Cape of Good Hope and Calcutta; he made such good use of his opportunity in acquiring all he could in regard to practical navigation that, on his return to America in 1807, he was urged by Mr. William Gray, a ship-owner of Boston, to take command of a large ship then fitting out for a voyage to the north of Europe. He declined the offer in order to study law with Fisher Ames, at Dedham. On the death of Mr. Ames, in 1808, he for a time abandoned the law, and made a business trip to Barbary for Mr. Gray; on his return he was admitted (1812) to the bar. In the same year he was married to a daughter of J. T. Gilman, then and for several subsequent terms Governor of New Hampshire.

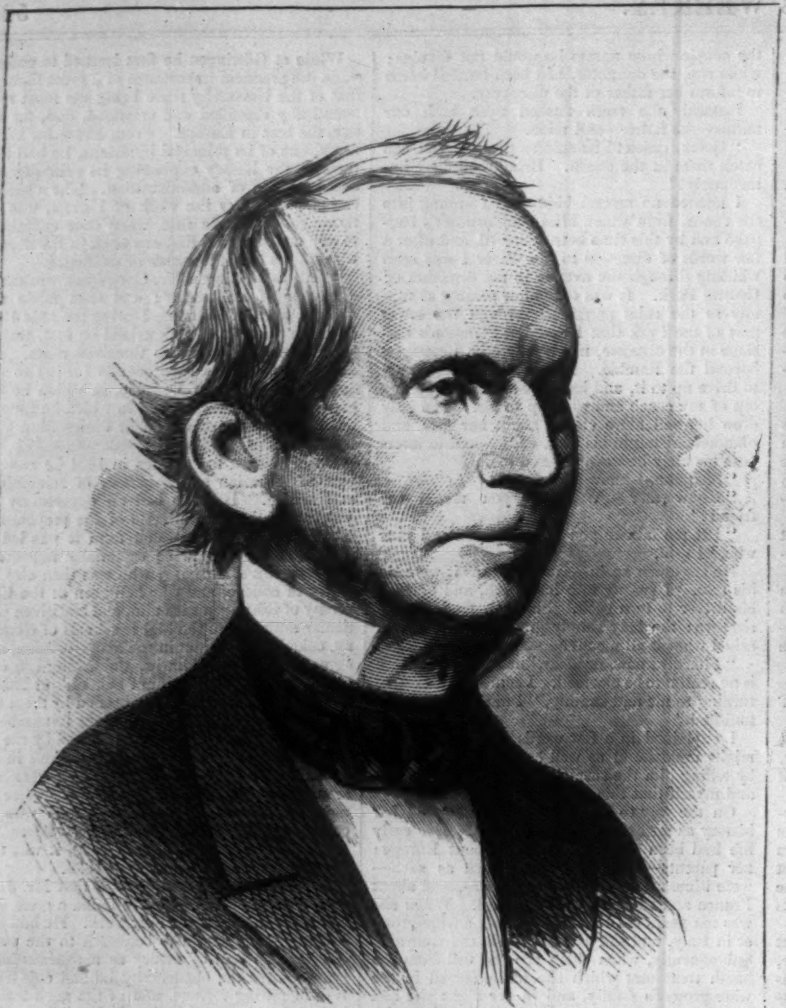
Mr. Cogswell left the law, in which he had established himself at Belfast, Maine, in 1813, to accept an appointment as a tutor at Cambridge. He resigned after a year to undertake a commercial venture in the Mediterranean; this completed, he returned to Boston to be met by an advantageous and pleasant offer to accompany a young friend as tutor to Göttingen, and for an European tour subsequently. In this tour he was accompanied by Edward Everett and George Ticknor.

While at Göttingen he first learned to understand the practical importance of a great library, that of the University there being the most systematically classified and arranged, and, for its size, the best in Europe. From Professor Benecke, one of its principal librarians, he had lectures in the library explaining its arrangement and its mode of administration. The classification, which was the work of Heyne, was so thoroughly scientific that, when once explained to any one, he could find any book in the library without the aid of librarian or catalogue.

While at Göttingen Mr. Cogswell was made a Doctor of Philosophy; and then made the "grand tour" of Europe. During the year 1818 he made the tour of Switzerland on foot, traveling in this way over two thousand miles. He had an opportunity subsequently (1819) to examine the library of Dresden, in which he became greatly interested, and in which he learned much of a librarian's peculiar duties from Von Falkenstein, its librarian.

On his return to America in 1821 he was appointed Librarian and Professor of Mineralogy at Harvard. Here he had an opportunity of judging of the general state of the preparatory schools in the country, and from it was led to infer that they could be essentially improved. Mr. George Bancroft, who was then also an officer in college, and who had been at the University of Göttingen with him, and had given particular attention to the higher schools of Germany, coincided with him in the above opinion, and agreed to join with him in establishing one of a like standard. "Roundhill School," at Northampton, Massachusetts, was opened by them October, 1823, and within two years it numbered 150 pupils. Its success was followed by the establishment of several similar institutions in different parts of the country, and its influence is seen in the manly and elevated character of many of our most distinguished men who received their early education there. After Mr. Bancroft retired from it, in 1830, it was continued by Mr. Cogswell until 1834.

It was in the autumn of 1838 that Mr. John Jacob Astor first decided to found a great public library in the city of New York. He had long had in contemplation to bequeath to the city a considerable sum of money as a testimonial of gratitude for the opportunity he had enjoyed in it of acquiring fortune, and of the good feelings he cherished toward it, but had not determined in what way his gift should be appropriated; and for this purpose he consulted with Dr. Cogswell, who took the liberty to ask Mr. Astor what amount he intended to give, and in what way he had thought to have it applied. Mr. Astor replied that the sum would be three hundred thousand dollars at least, and that the only object for its appropriation he had thought of was an equestrian statue of Washington in bronze, of colossal size. In regard to the latter Mr. Cogswell replied, off-hand, that the value of a statue consisted in its being a tribute of respect from a nation or some great public body, and that from an individual it could only be regarded as a work of art; but as the sum was so much larger than he expected—not then knowing how much Mr. Astor liked grand operations—he asked for a little time to deliberate upon it, and to be allowed to give an opinion in writing. Two days after he called again on Mr. Astor with the paper containing his opinion and his reasons for it. The substance of this paper was that the sum proposed to be given should not be applied to any object which the Government had power to provide for, or which the common feelings of humanity would be sure to secure, but to one which could only be provided for by private munificence; that among the objects of the latter class there was none of such importance and of such urgent necessity in the city of New York as a great free public library for the use of every one who saw fit to repair to it for information. Mr. Astor listened attentively to the paper, and was so satisfied with the reasons given in it that he at once said, in a tone of decision, "A library it shall be." His mind was also made up to carry the project into immediate execution; he directed that a plan of a library edifice should be obtained without delay; and when Mr. Cogswell went to Europe with his grandson, in 1839, he authorized him to go to Florence and buy the very valuable library which had been formed by Count Boutourlin, and was then offered for sale. Fortunately he was too late; before he reached Europe the library had been sent to Paris, and was then selling by auction. Valuable as it undoubtedly was, it was too exclusively an Italian scholar's library to be of general use in New York. The year after his return to America, by invitation of Mr. Astor he became an inmate of his family, and was occupied with him in almost daily conferences about the projected library. Mr. Washington Irving and Mr. Henry Brevoort often joined in these conferences, and taking every occasion to advise Mr. Astor to take measures for carrying his intentions into immediate execution, and this would doubtless have been done but for the indecision arising from age and its infirmities. When Mr. Irving was appointed Minister to Spain, in 1842, he requested Mr. Cogswell to go with him as Secretary of Legation, and procured his appointment to that office, which he declined from a fear that if he left Mr. Astor it might operate against the library. Nor did he regard this, as was generally supposed, a personal sacrifice made for the public good. He had become strongly attached to Mr. Astor, and felt grateful for the uniform kindness with which he had been treated by him, and regarded it as a privilege to listen to the words of wisdom which often fell from his lips; and besides, by daily association with him, he hoped to effect the great purpose which might otherwise fail. Six years passed away in hope deferred, and but for that, on every account most pleasantly. Mr. Cogs-



JOSEPH G. COGSWELL, LL.D.

THE SHAKSPEARIAN MEMORIAL LIBRARY AT BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.—[See Page 526.]

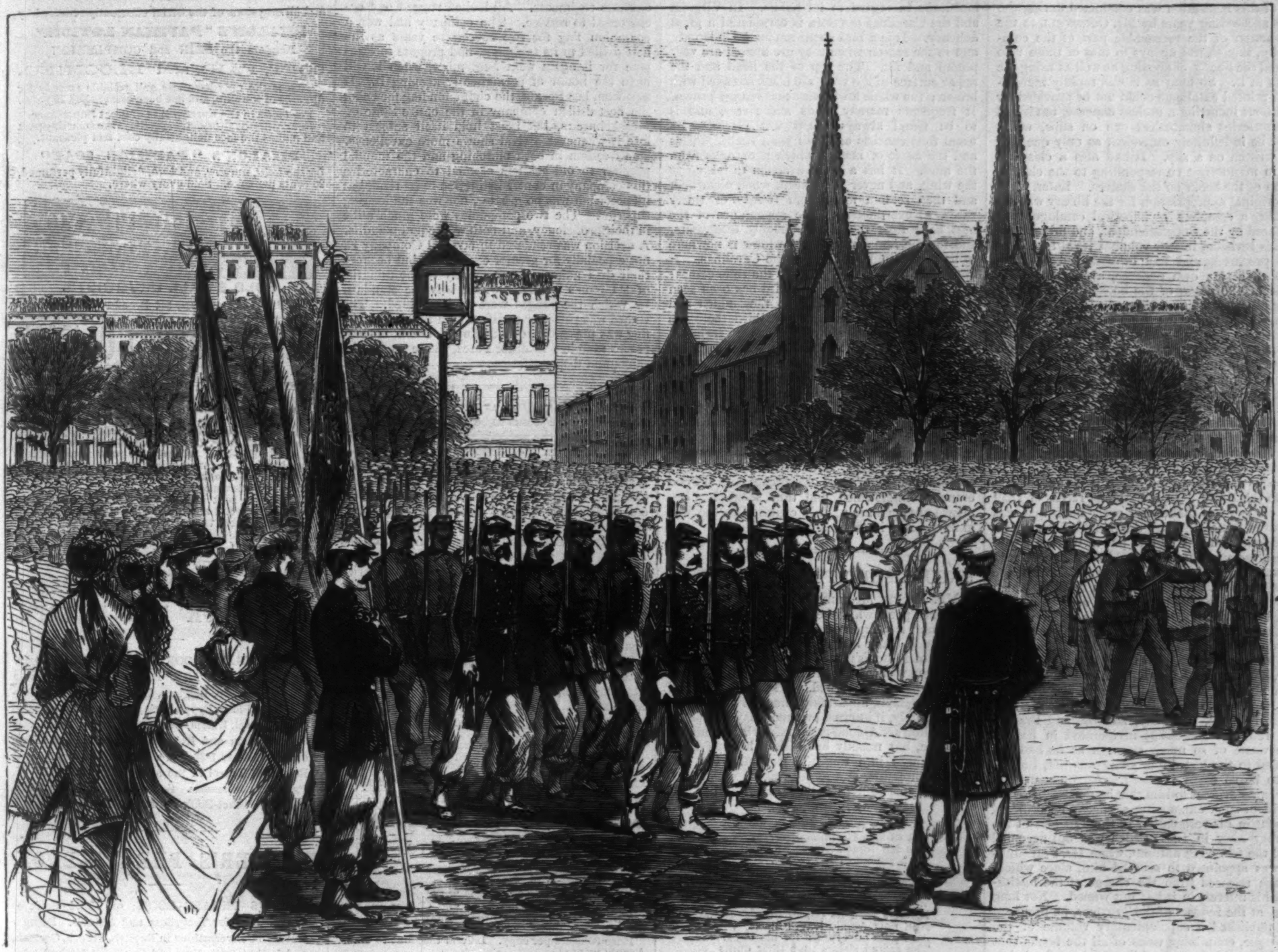
WELL's relations with Mr. Astor, and with every member of his family, were most agreeable and harmonious, and the society he met at his table was always intellectual and cultivated.

Soon after Mr. Astor's death, which happened March, 1848, the Trustees of the Library named in his will met and organized. Among their first acts was a call for plans of a library building, and the appointment of Mr. Cogswell to the office of Superintendent. By the conditions of the founder's will the amount bequeathed for the establishment of the Library was to be paid by his executors in annual installments, the first in one year after his death, which necessarily prevented any large immediate expenditures. In the mean while the Superintendent was occupied in making small purchases of books at home, and in preparing a prospective catalogue of works deemed most important in forming the Library, which was printed in a volume of more than four hundred pages at his expense. In December, 1848, an opportunity occurred for making extensive purchases. The large and very valuable library of the Duke of Buckingham was to be sold by auction in London, which the Trustees authorized the Superintendent to attend. He succeeded in obtaining from it many rare and important works not to be had of the trade, and also made such considerable additions in London and Paris that he returned after a three months' absence with more than twenty thousand volumes. Suitable rooms were provided by order of the Trustees, in which they were opened, placed on shelves, and catalogued. The first installment of the library fund being now paid contracts were made by the Trustees for a library building in conformity with the will of the founder, who had wisely limited its cost to $75,000, and the work upon it was immediately begun.

The prospective catalogue spoken of above was

THE RAIL OR SORA.

RAIL OR SORA HUNTING IN VIRGINIA.—Sketched by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Page 526.]



COMPETITIVE DRILL BETWEEN BOSTON AND NEW YORK ZOUAVE COMPANIES.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 526.]

finished and printed during the year 1850, serving as a manual in making new purchases. With this in hand the Superintendent again started for Europe on a book-buying tour. To this he gave fourteen months, from February 1851 to March 1852, during which time he visited all the capitals of Europe, from Naples south to Stockholm north, buying books wherever they could be bought advantageously and establishing correspondences for the library with the leading publishers and dealers in books in every considerable place. At the same time to facilitate the work he caused to be printed in Brussels several sheets of *desiderata*, which were sent through the post-offices to the principal booksellers in Europe, requesting them to affix prices to the books they had on hand, and return the sheets so marked to the house in Brussels from which they were received. In this way many books long out of print were procured that most probably would not otherwise have been found.

On his return in the spring of 1852 he found the number of volumes now bought amounted to nearly fifty thousand, and that but little more than half of the $120,000 allowed by the will of the founder for the first establishment of the library had been expended. After arranging the books thus far collected, and classifying them as far as could be done in the narrow quarters where they were placed, finding the new library edifice could not be finished for several months, he asked and obtained permission of the Trustees to go to Europe a third time in search of books, voluntarily offering to bear his own expenses. From this last trip he returned in March, 1853, with a freight of twenty thousand additional volumes. The library building was now nearly ready for use, and in June of that year all the books that had been collected were removed to it, and arranged on the shelves so soon as practicable. By the end of the year the work was completed, and early in January, 1854, the Library was opened to the public with a greater number of volumes than any library then existing in the country contain-

PURSUIT OF AQUATIC KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

SAILING-MASTER OF YACHT (*to Owner, who has a great idea of his nautical knowledge*). "Jam your helm hard a-starboard, if you please, Sir, or we'll be into her!"

OWNER. "Starboard there! I've forgotten again which side that is, but then I'll find it out in a minute!"

A MOVING TALE.

SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY (*on windward side, to quiet Old Party*). "Oh! Mr. Jones, is not this 'the Poetry of Motion?' Whenever I'm on the 'glad waters of the dark blue sea' I can not keep my feelings down! Is it not so with you?"

[*No response from Jones. The fact is, his feelings do not want to come up, but his breakfast does.*

ed. The whole work had been done within a period of five years. The internal administration of this institution was conducted during the eight succeeding years by Mr. COGSWELL to the satisfaction of the reasonable part of the community, though not always to that of those who wanted the liberty of abusing as well as using the books in it. So long as it was rapidly increasing a printed catalogue could not be provided for it without incurring a useless expense, but it had a manuscript alphabetical one on slips, which could be indefinitely extended, as only one title was written on a slip. It had also a classified one in manuscript corresponding to the classification of the books on the shelves. Later, when the original appropriation for the library was expended, a complete alphabetical catalogue was prepared by the Superintendent, and printed under his revision, in four volumes royal 8vo. He also prepared, and had lithographed or autographed at his own expense, a classified catalogue of 420 pages of the books in the department of Oriental linguistics. In 1859, the North library building, of the same general extent and construction as the South, was completed and presented to the Trustees by Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR. It now became necessary to break up the first arrangement of the books, as the shelves in the original building had become crowded, and to make such a distribution as would provide for the future increase. The appropriation of one building to works of science and the other to literature naturally suggested itself. This arrangement was adopted, and the former class of books assigned to the South building, the latter to the North. In the August recess of 1859 the change was made, and every book that was removed passed through the hands of the Superintendent, and was by him put in its new place. These various labors soon told upon him, so that he was obliged in the following June to ask the Trustees for a furlough of three months, which they readily granted. Having always experienced the recuperative influences of a voyage across the Atlantic, he took one more trip to Europe, but not without carrying the Library with him in his thoughts. He was allowed to expend $10,000 for the Library, and he brought back with him every dollar of it in books. During his absence he visited Ireland, England, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, and France, and returned somewhat invigorated in health. The waste of so much strength as he had expended in the last dozen years was not, however, to be so easily repaired. After six months it became evident to him that he must retire from a post of such exhausting services; accordingly he sent in his resignation to the Trustees of the Library early in 1861, which was not accepted until the following autumn, when Mr. SCHROEDER was appointed to succeed him, since which, though released from the charge of the institution, his interest in it has not waned. Not long since, at the request of the Trustees, he prepared and published a supplementary volume of the catalogue, containing titles of all the books that had been added to the Library since the publication of the previous volumes, with an Index to the subjects of all the books in the Library, alphabetical and classified combined.

A SHAKSPEARIAN LIBRARY.

IN the preceding article we have given a very interesting and reliable account of the origin and growth of the Astor Library, of New York city. On the same page we illustrate the interior of the Shakspearian Memorial Library, in Birmingham, England. This library is one of the few permanent and sensible monuments which were produced by the Tercentenary commemoration. It is a purely Shakspearian Library, and the purpose is to place in it every real edition of SHAKSPEARE'S works, and every book that has been written to illustrate his plays and poems. The pertinence of locating this at Birmingham is that that city is the principal one in SHAKSPEARE'S county, and that its suburbs are filled with scholarly people. Mr. SAMUEL TIMMINS, the Honorary Secretary of the Library, did great service in editing and publishing, a few years ago, the first two editions of Hamlet side by side, on opposite pages. They were known as the "Devonshire Hamlets." Mr. TIMMINS asks contributions to this library from all students of and writers upon SHAKSPEARE. In a letter to Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE, the Shakspearian scholar and critic of this city, Mr. TIMMINS says: "We do not ask an favor, but we simply say to the author of every book about SHAKSPEARE, 'we have begun a literary monument to SHAKSPEARE'S genius, and we invite you to contribute whatever stone or ornament you may have formed.'" In the case of Mr. WHITE, he writes that this is needless; for the society has bought his edition of SHAKSPEARE, and his critical books. The library is the property of the town, and can not be sold or dispersed. There is a handsome and increasing yearly subscription to it, and already rare books have been sent from Germany, France, etc., as well as England. It will be the most remarkable literary monument ever set up to any author; and every American author and publisher should see that their editions are embraced in its catalogue.

RAIL HUNTING IN VIRGINIA.

THE "Sora" of Virginia, the "Coot" of the Carolinas, the "Fresh water mud-hen" of the more ignorant whites, and the "Frog bird" of the more superstitious negroes of the South, is the Virginia Rail—*Rallus Virginianus*—of the ornithologist. It is one of the most singular of American birds, and the manner in which it is caught is one of the most singular features of American hunting. Our illustrations on page 524 show the peculiarities of the bird, and indicate the manner in which he is caught.

Although WILSON has described the Sora—under the name of Rail—very little is known to the multitude in regard to its habits. In Virginia and the Carolinas the Sora is considered a great delicacy. It is a bird about ten inches in length, and in the season when they are hunted are very plump and fat. The top of the head and the upper surface of the body are black streaked with brown; the whole lower surface is orange-brown. It frequents marshy lands and rivers, and is to be found always about wet places. Its usual food consists of small snail shells, worms and the larvæ of insects which it extracts from the mud. It has a great aversion to taking to the wing, and never flies except when disturbed, and then seldom more than twenty or thirty yards. Nevertheless at the appearance of the first hard frost the Sora suddenly disappears, and for the remainder of the winter is nowhere to be found in Virginia and the Carolinas. It appears to fly well enough when the time comes; and it has been said that the bird has been seen many miles at sea. Owing to the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the bird there has long prevailed among the negroes of Virginia a belief that it turns into a frog, and hence the name given it.

The manner of capturing them as it prevails in Virginia is shown in our engraving. The huntsmen go upon the marshes at night, having a pan of burning pine-knots in the prow of their boat. The birds, which are very reluctant to leave their nests and hiding-places, fly up on the near approach of the light, and are struck down by paddles, boughs of pine, or switches with the end branches intertwined and thus secured. Immense numbers are nightly captured in the Virginia swamps in this manner.

UNPUBLISHED POEM BY MILTON.

MR. HENRY MORLEY has discovered an unpublished poem which he believes to be Milton's. He found it written in a handwriting like Milton's on a blank leaf in a copy of the original edition of Milton's poems in the British Museum. The poem was written in 1647, when Milton was 38 years old, and is signed "J. M., Ober., 1647." It is an epitaph, apparently intended for himself, and certainly, if internal evidence may be trusted, it is Milton's. A good critic might have imitated his style, but nobody but Milton himself could have infused into those long words, and far-fetched thoughts, and forced images such a subtle melody as penetrates lines like these:

"AN EPITAPH.

"He whom Heaven did call away
Out of this Hermitage of clay
Has left some reliques in this Urn
As a pledge of his return.

"Meanwhile the Muses do deplore
The loss of this their paramour,
With whom he sported ere the day
Budded forth its tender ray.
And now Apollo leaves his lays,
And puts on cypress for his bays;
The sacred sisters tune their quills
Only to the blubbering rills,
And while his doom they think upon
Make their own tears their Helicon;
Leaving the two-topt Mount divine
To turn votaries to his shrine.
Think not, reader, me less blest,
Sleeping in this narrow chest,
Than if my ashes did lie hid
Under some stately pyramid.
If a rich tomb makes happy, then
That Bee was happier far than men
Who, busy in the thymy wood,
Was fettered by the golden flood
Which from the Amber-weeping tree
Distilleth down so plenteously;
For so this little wanton elf
Most gloriously enshrined itself.
A tomb whose beauty might compare
With Cleopatra's sepulchre.

"In this little bed my dust
Incurtained round I here intrust;
While my more pure and nobler part
Lies entomb'd in every heart.

"Then pass on gently ye that mourn,
Touch not this mine hallowed Urn;
These Ashes which do here remain
A vital tincture still retain;
A seminal form within the deeps
Of this little chaos sleeps;
The thread of life untwisted is
Into its first existences;
Infant nature cradled here
In its principles appear;
This plant, though entered into dust,
In its Ashes rest it must
Until sweet Psyche shall inspire
A softening and estific fire,
And in her fostering arms enfold
This heavy and this earthly mould,
Then as I am I'll be no more,
But bloom and blossom [as] b[efore],
When this cold numbness shall retreat
By a more than chymick heat.
"J. M., Ober., 1647."

ZOUAVE DRILL IN TOMPKINS SQUARE.

THE competitive drill between the Montgomery Light Guard, of Boston, and Company E of the Twelfth New York Infantry, took place at Tompkins Square on July 30, and was witnessed by an immense crowd of citizens. It was hardly to be supposed that so apparently insignificant an affair as a drill by single companies would attract so great a concourse of spectators, and the police arrangements were by no means adequate. The entire State Guard became interested in the affair, and thousands of them were in attendance, besides a vast number of more demonstrative, if less interested, persons. Our illustration will give an idea of the crowd and the scene.

The uniform of the Twelfth Regiment, as is well known, consists of a dark blue coat and cap, both bordered with light-blue cord, light blue Zouave pantaloons, and light leather gaiters. That of the Montgomery Light Guard consists of a dark-blue coat, red Zouave pantaloons, light leather gaiters, and a white cap, which, in cold weather, is exchanged for dark-blue. Half of the men were veteran soldiers, and served during the war in the Ninth and Twenty-eighth Massachusetts regiments. All looked rugged and accustomed to service. The company had won a champion flag for two successive years as the best-drilled in its regiment, and propose to compete for it again next September, when it will have the honor of permanently keeping it. It also won, last Spring, the champion flag for being the best-drilled company in the entire State of Massachusetts, but must hold itself subject to lose it whenever a rival shows more excellence. The freedom in both marching and the manual peculiar to old soldiers seemed to characterize this company in contradistinction to its rival, but its precision was no greater, nor was the loading superior. The two companies were much alike in their proficiency, and both won equal plaudits. A decision was rendered in favor of Company E, not especially for greater excellence, but because their drill adhered more closely to the minutiæ of "Upton's Tactics," which was the standard by which the judges were to be guided. The Guard was perfectly satisfied with the award, the flag was presented to Company E, and both companies marched to Astor Place, where they broke ranks and dispersed.

SEWING MACHINES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—"There seems to be considerable contradiction among the successful exhibitors as to the awards made in this department. The recipients of the two gold medals severally advertise that theirs is the only gold medal, thus contradicting each other; while all the other prize-holders concur that *no gold medal was awarded to any sewing machine whatever*. Happily, it is not our duty to decide this knotty question; but, be it as it may, the GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINES have received the very highest prize—above all medals—their representative in Paris having been decorated by the Emperor with the Cross of the Legion of Honor."

We find the above in one of our English exchanges, and transfer it to our columns with satisfaction. It is gratifying to find that the GROVER & BAKER MACHINE, which stands so high at home, should also receive the highest honor abroad.—*N. Y. Express.*

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.—Letters from Ex-President VAN BUREN, also from his physician, expressed much gratification with the result of taking WHITCOMB'S ASTHMA REMEDY.

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